

MARVEL
COMICS



THE COSMIC AVENGER!

WARGAR

\$1.00 US
\$1.25 CAN
10
MAY
UK 60p

APPROVED BY THE
COMIC CODE
AUTHORITY

AT THE
MERCY OF
DR. MINERVA!

FAREWELL TO ARMS?!

ART BY BULANARI



Stan Lee PRESENTS

QUASAR

DAWN IN NEW MEXICO...

LET ME GO, EARTHTMAN --
OR YOUR LIFE WILL
BE FORFEIT!

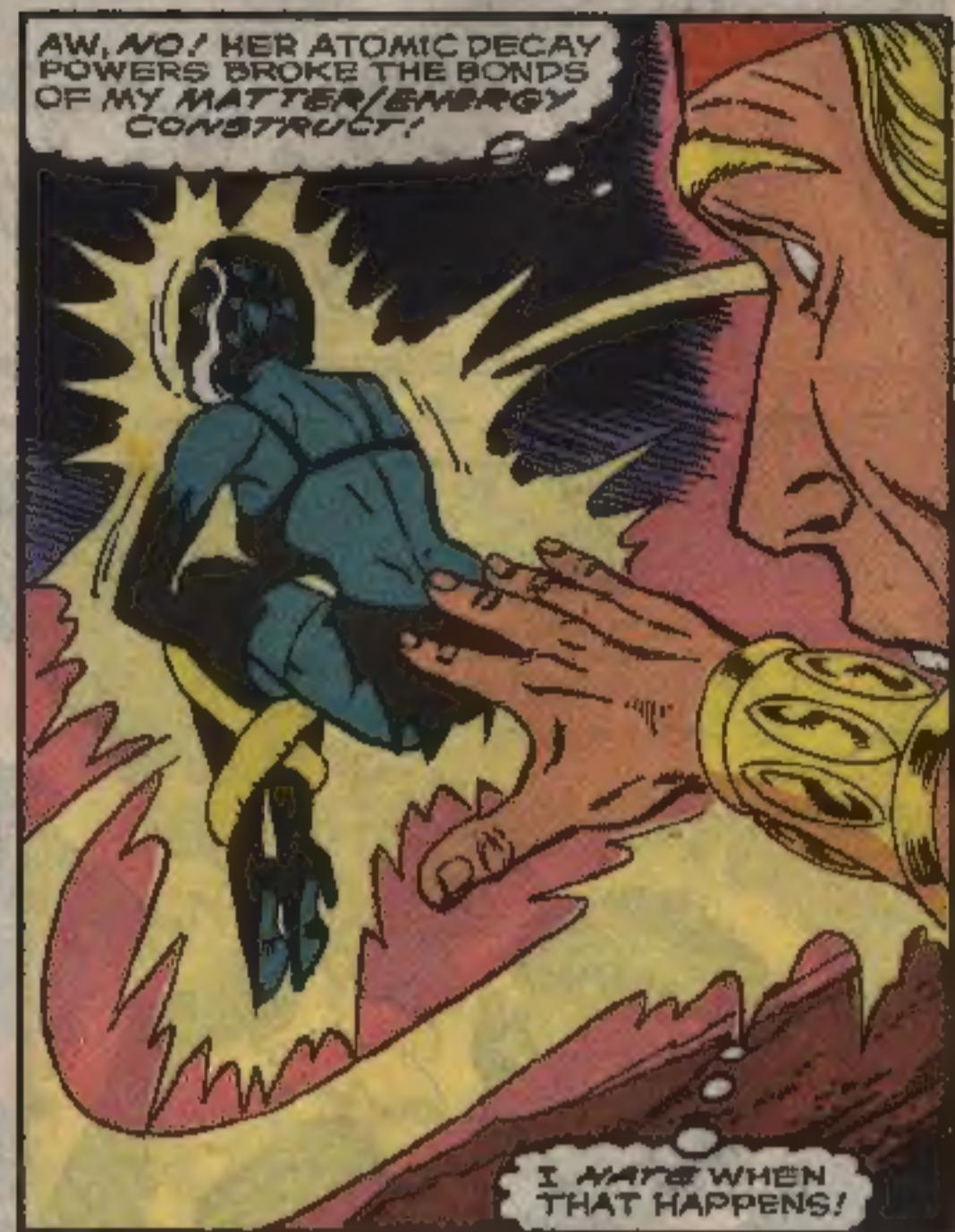
SORRY,
HALFLIFE.
ACCORDING TO
THE AVENGERS FILE
ON YOU, YOU NEED TO
TOUCH A PERSON
TO ROB HIS LIFE
FORCE.

-- WHICH
IS WHY I'M
NOT GONNA
LET YOU TOUCH
ME WITH A
TEN FOOT
POLE!

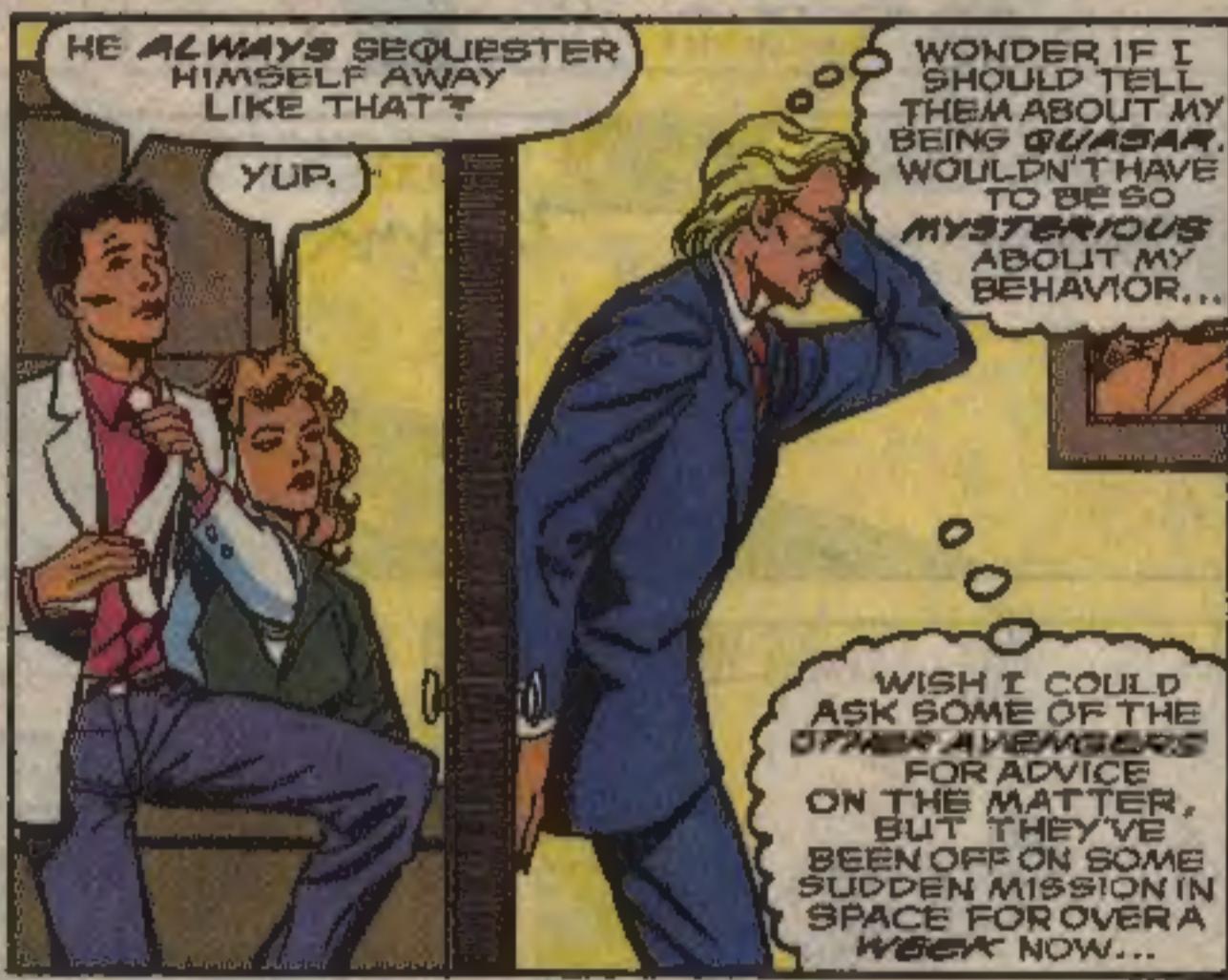
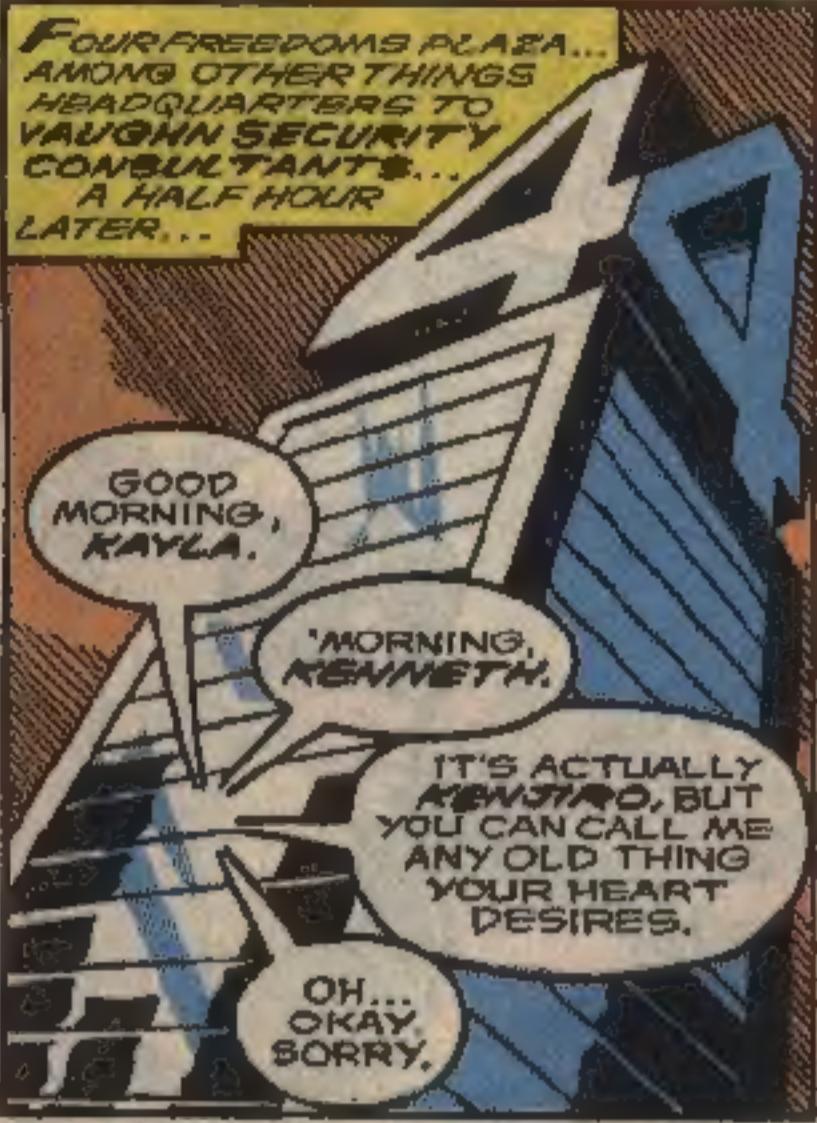
KREE-FOR ALL

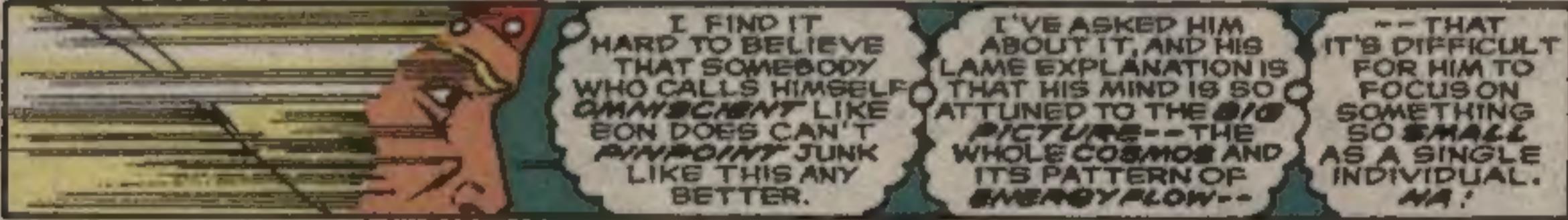
MARK GREENWALD • MIKE MANLEY • BILL MORGAN • JANICE CAVANO • PAUL SECTON • HOWARD MACKIE • TOM D'ORALCO
WRITER PENCILER INKERS LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

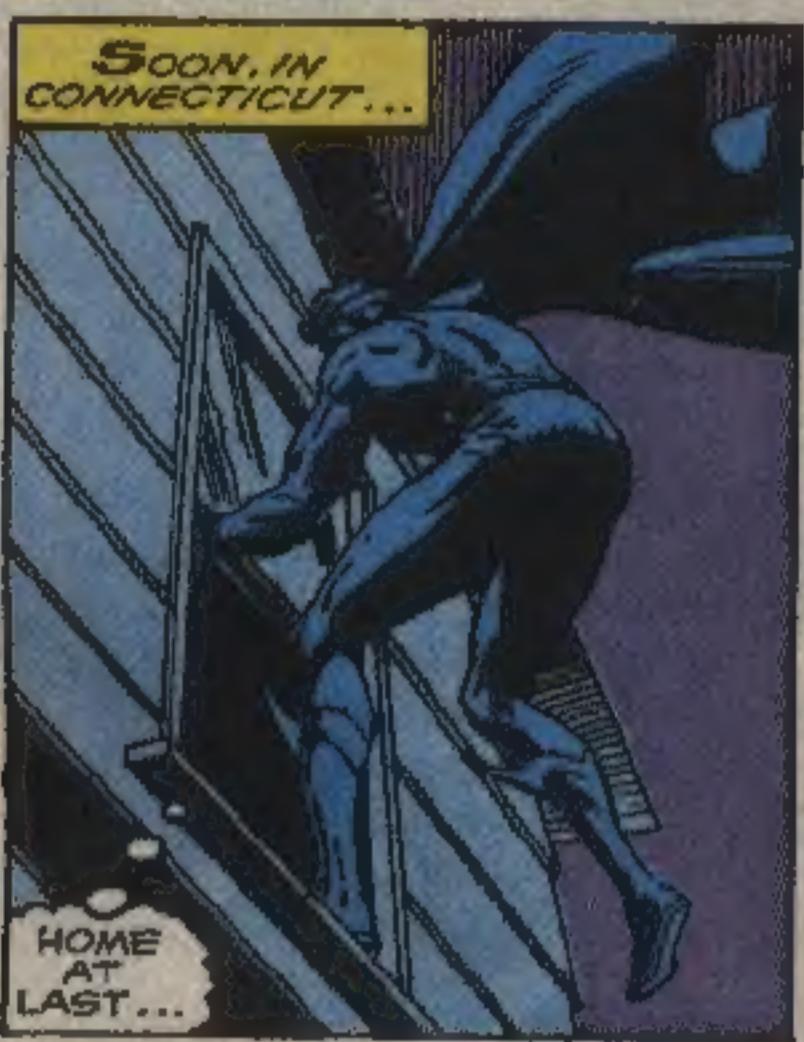
QUASAR™ Vol. 1, No. 10, May 1990 Issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS, James E. Groman, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.00 per copy in the U.S. and \$1.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$12.00; Canada \$17.00; and foreign \$24.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. QUASAR (including all prominent characters featured in the issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) are trademarks of the MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO QUASAR, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 8TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

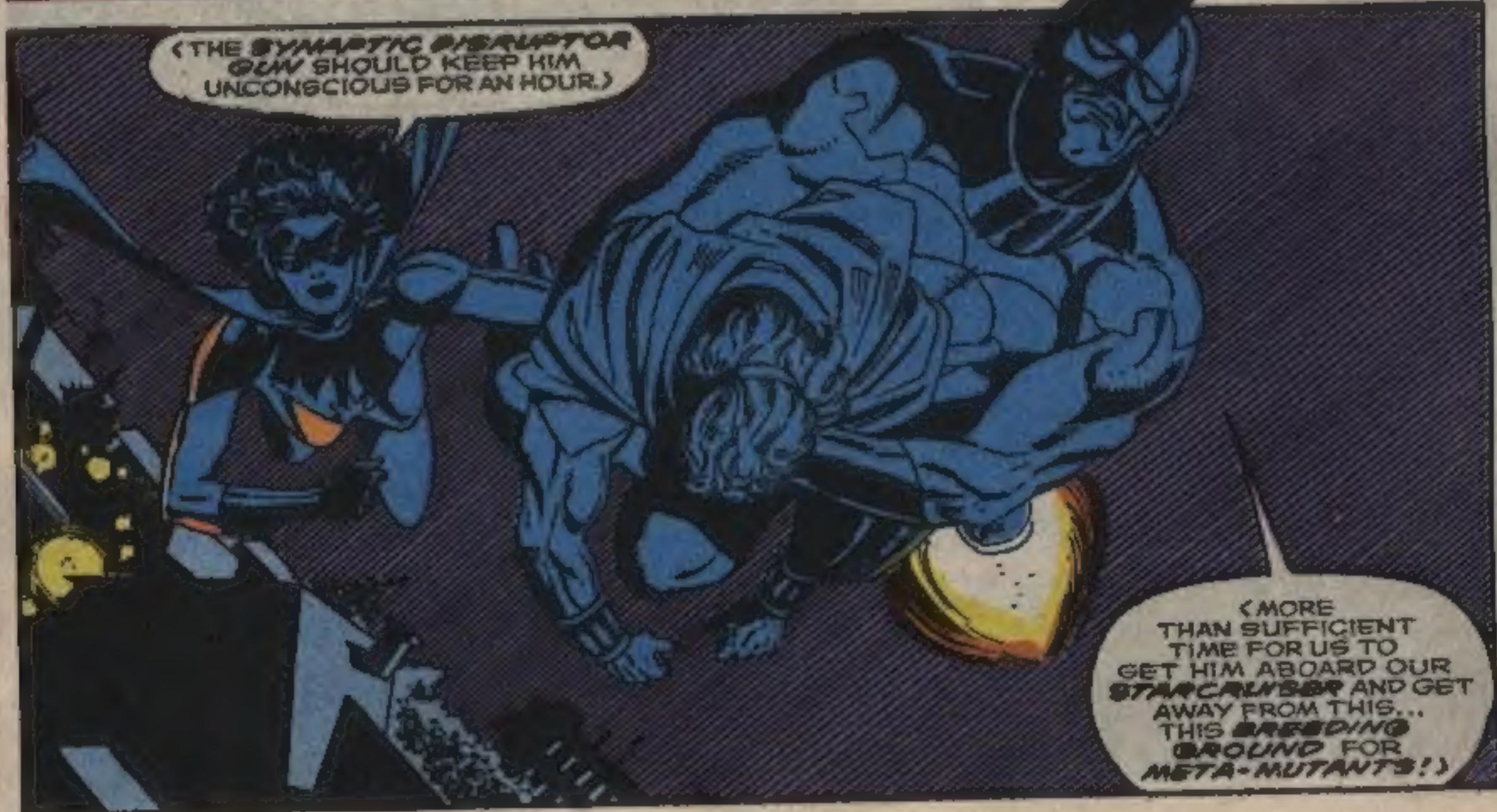












(DO I DETECT A TRACE OF FEAR IN YOUR VOICE, CAPTAIN? YOU-- ONE OF THE MOTHER WORLD'S MOST DECORATED SOLDIERS?)



(THE EARTHERS ARE A DANGEROUS, UNSTABLE LOT. DOCTOR, YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THAT, WORKING AMONG THEM IN SECRET FOR SO LONG.)

(UNSTABLE EMOTIONALLY AND MUTAGENICALLY--A DANGEROUS COMBINATION. GIVE ME A SIMPLE SHAPE-SHIFTING SNARL TO ONE OF THESE UNPREDICTABLY POWERFUL EARTHERS ANY DAY!!)



(IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE UNPREDICTABLY POWERFUL EARTHERS, DEAR CAPTAIN, I WOULD NOT HAVE DISCOVERED A WAY TO STIMULATE OUR OWN SPECIES' MORIBUND GENETIC POTENTIAL-->)



(--BEGINNING WITH OUR OWN!)

(YOUR REVOLUTIONARY WORK WITH PSYCHO-MAGNETROW WILL MAKE YOU THE MOST CELEBRATED SCIENTIST IN THE ENTIRE MOON EMPIRE, DOCTOR!)



(JUST AS THE RECOVERY OF THE FABLED PROTOTYPE FOR THE MOON-GAMPS WILL EARN YOU A PROMOTION.)

SOON, ABOARD THE SHIP...



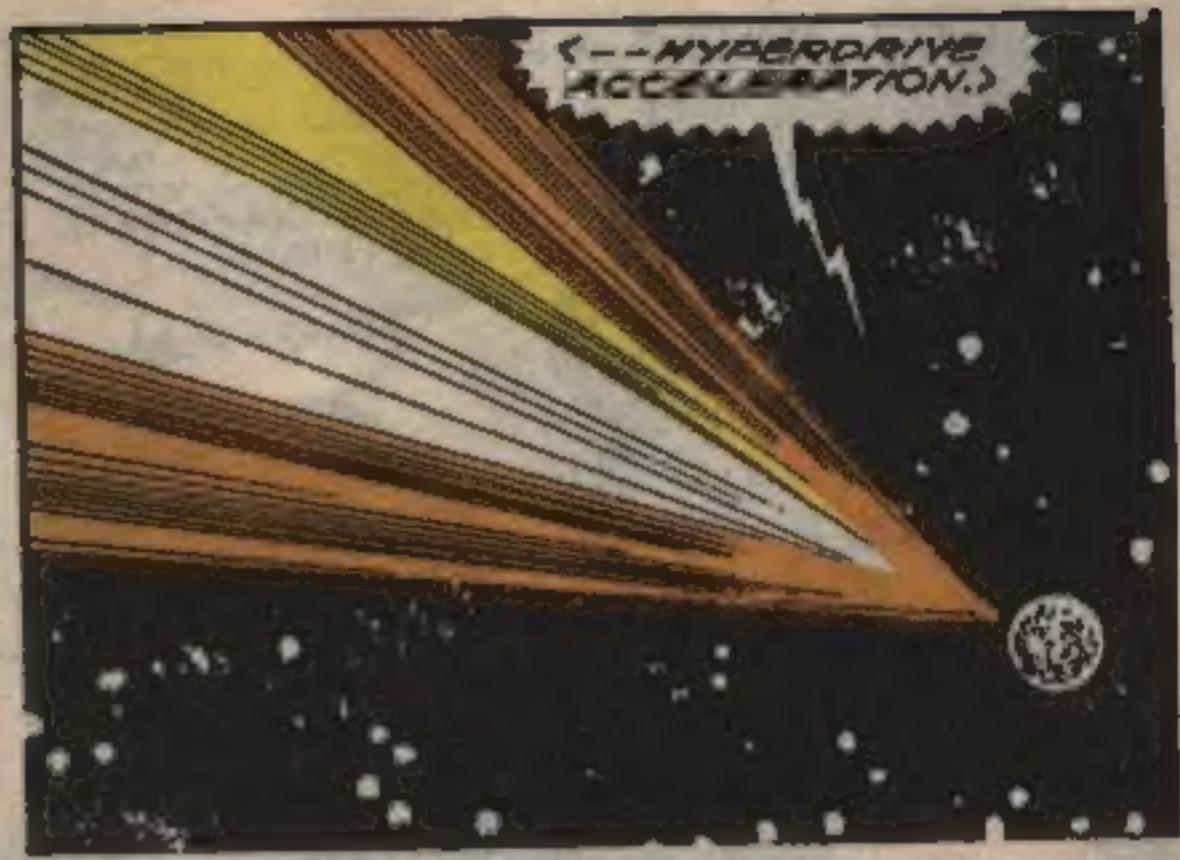
(YOU SECURE HIM, I WANT TO GET THIS CRUISER OUT OF ORBIT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.)

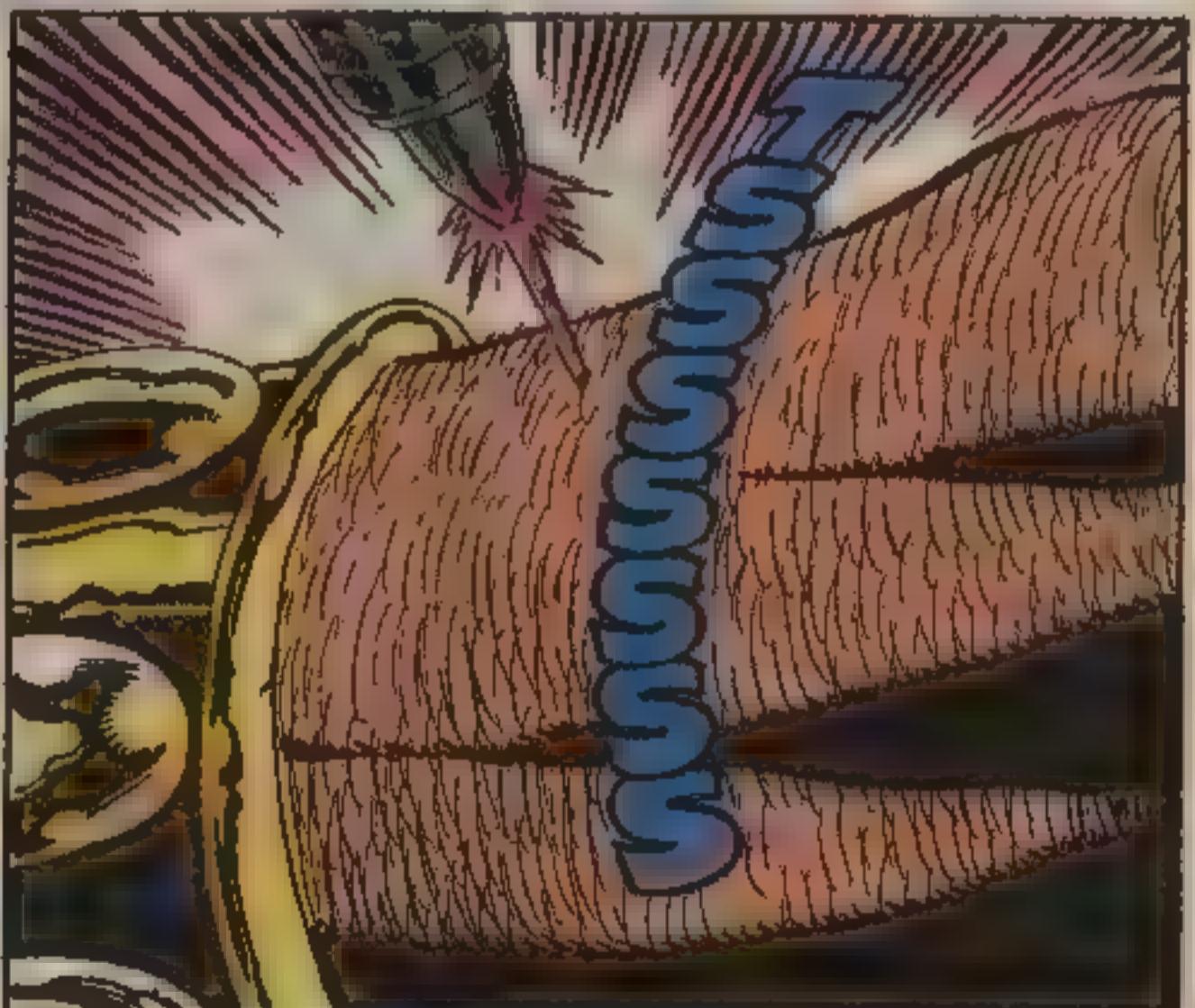
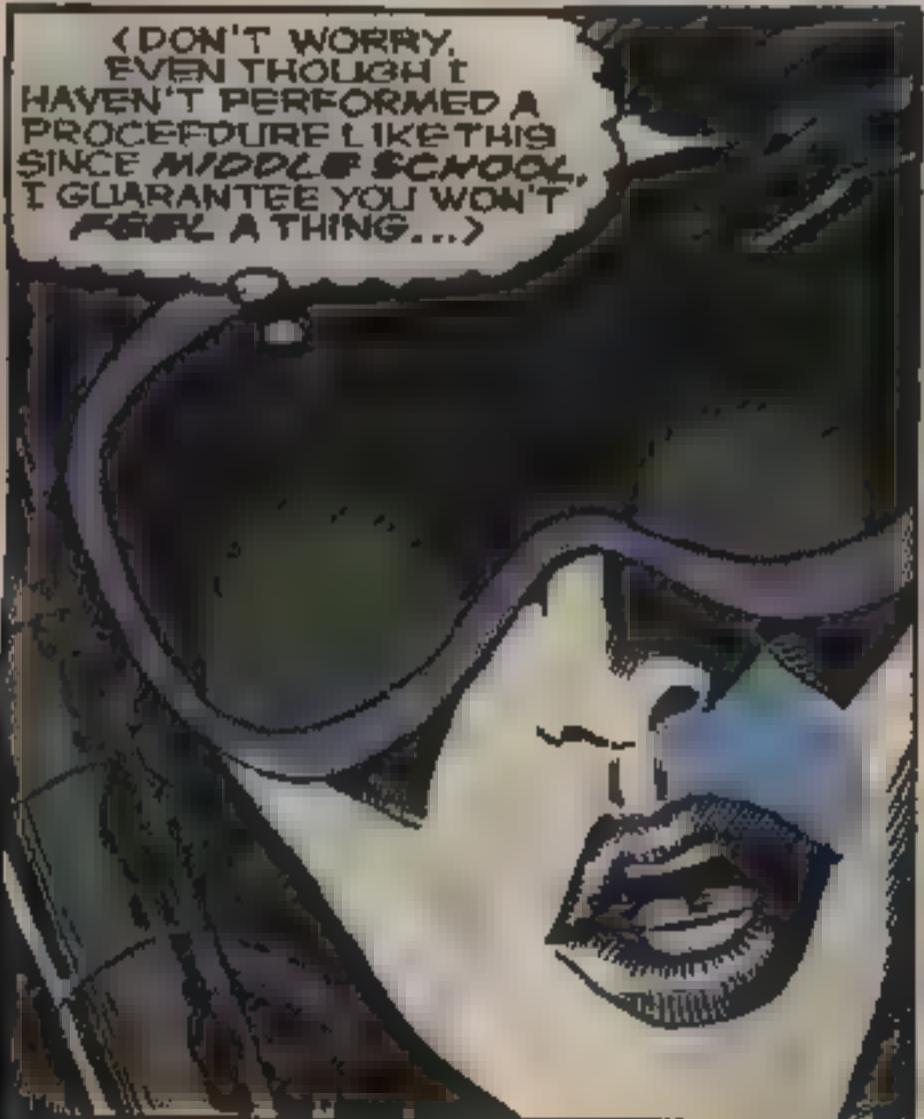
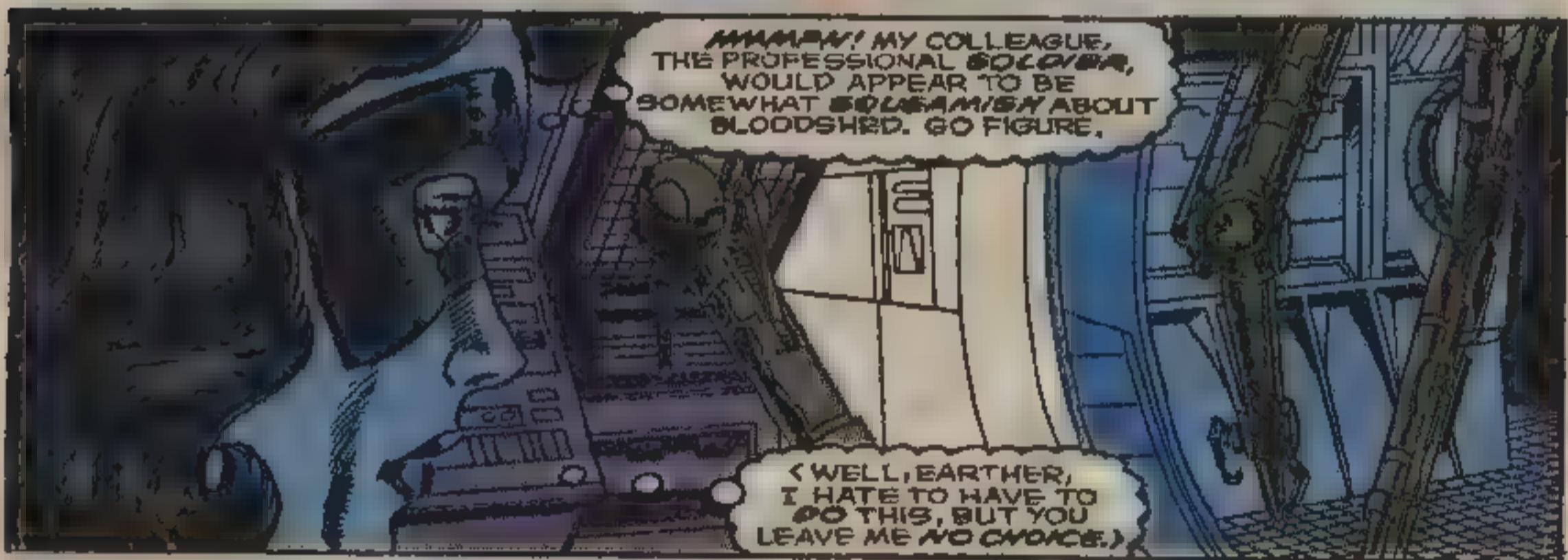
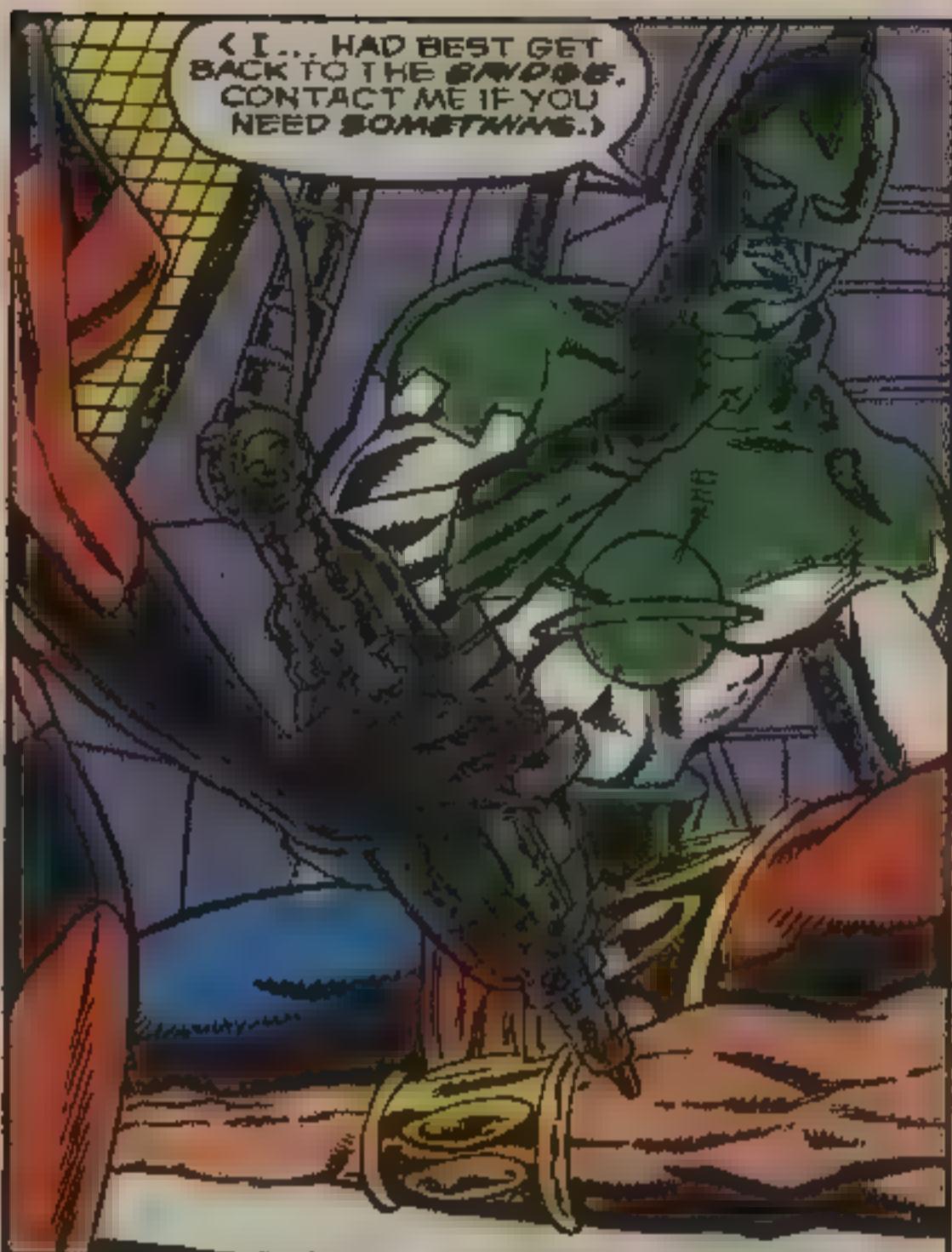
(CHECK.)

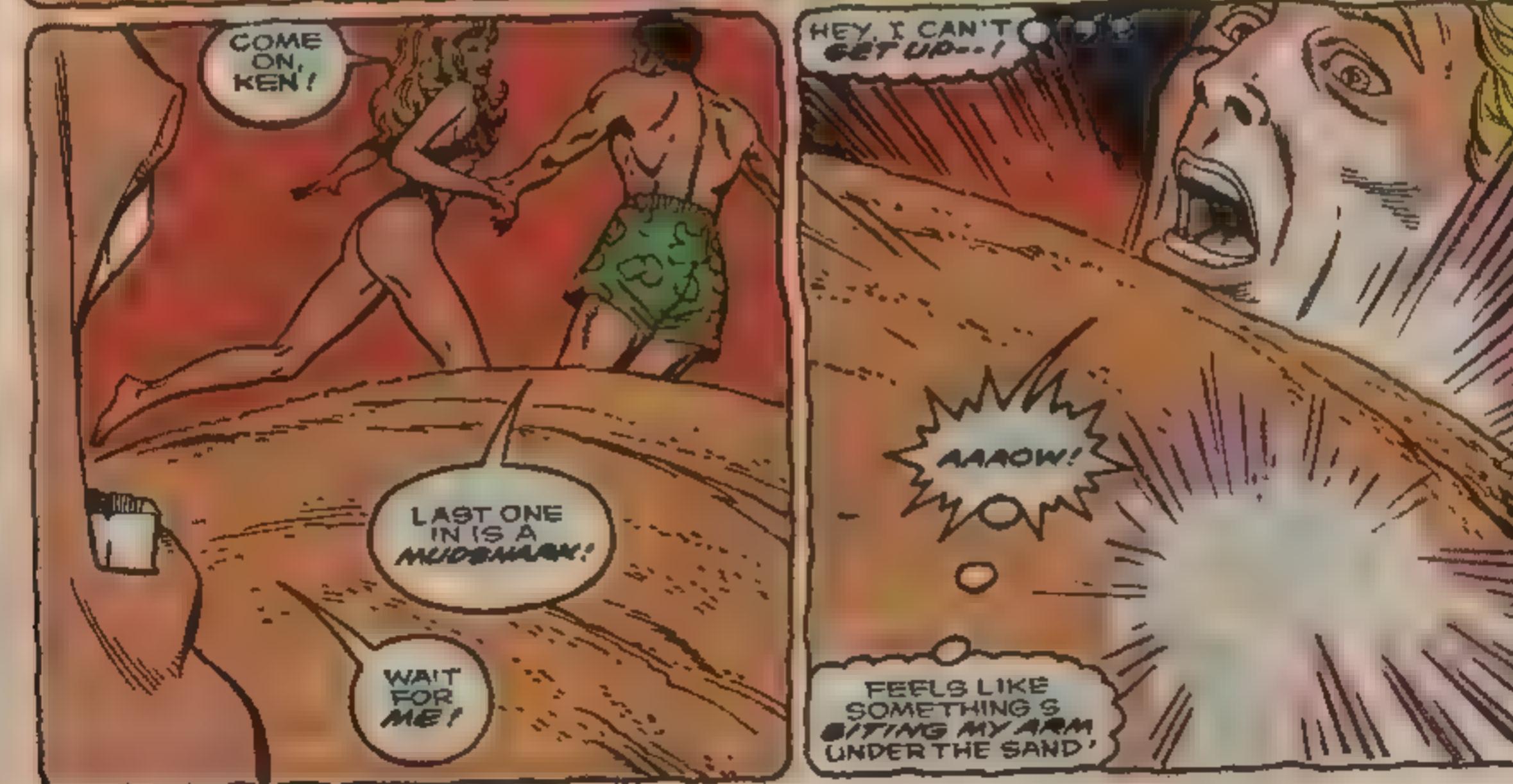
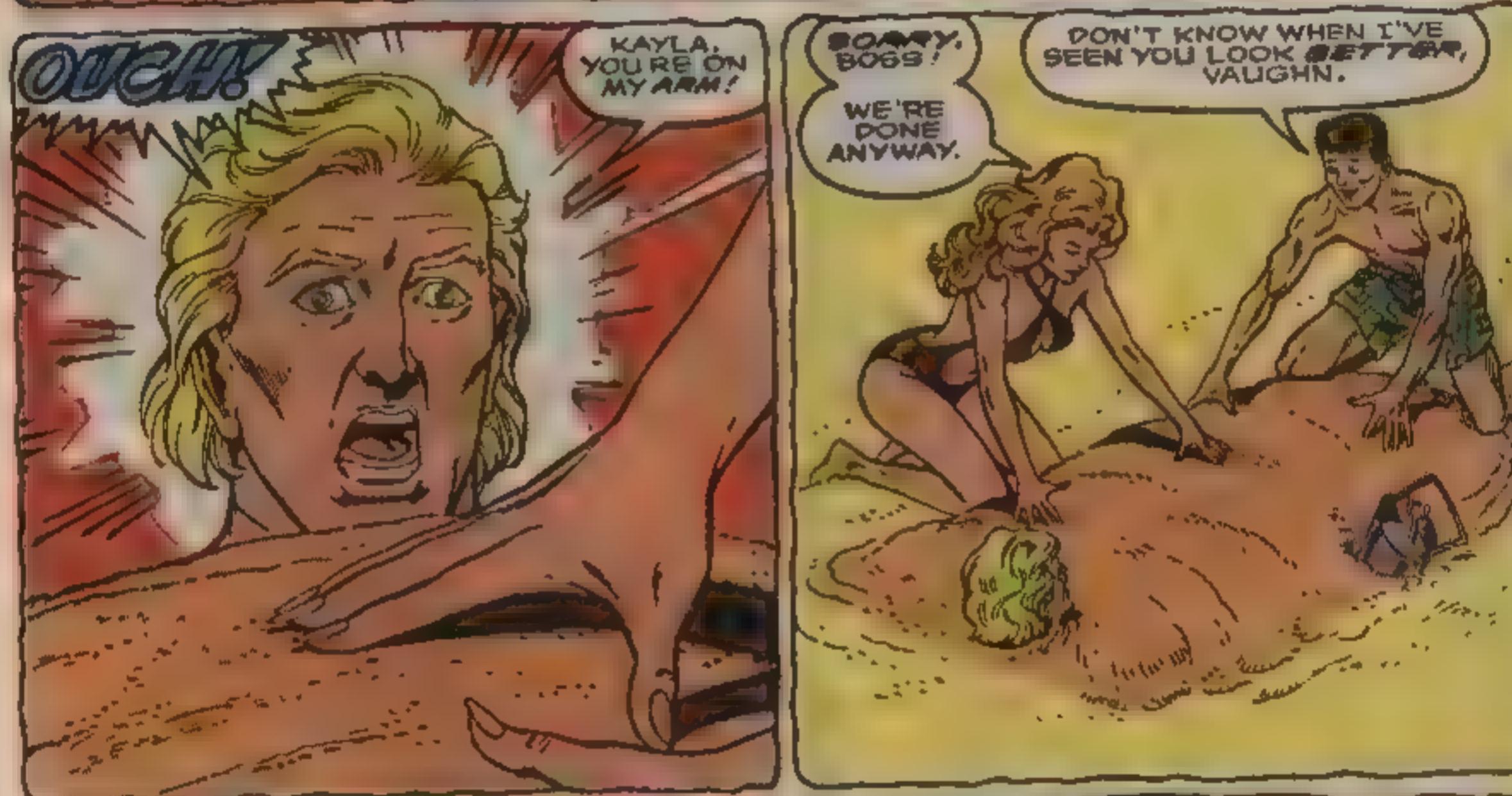


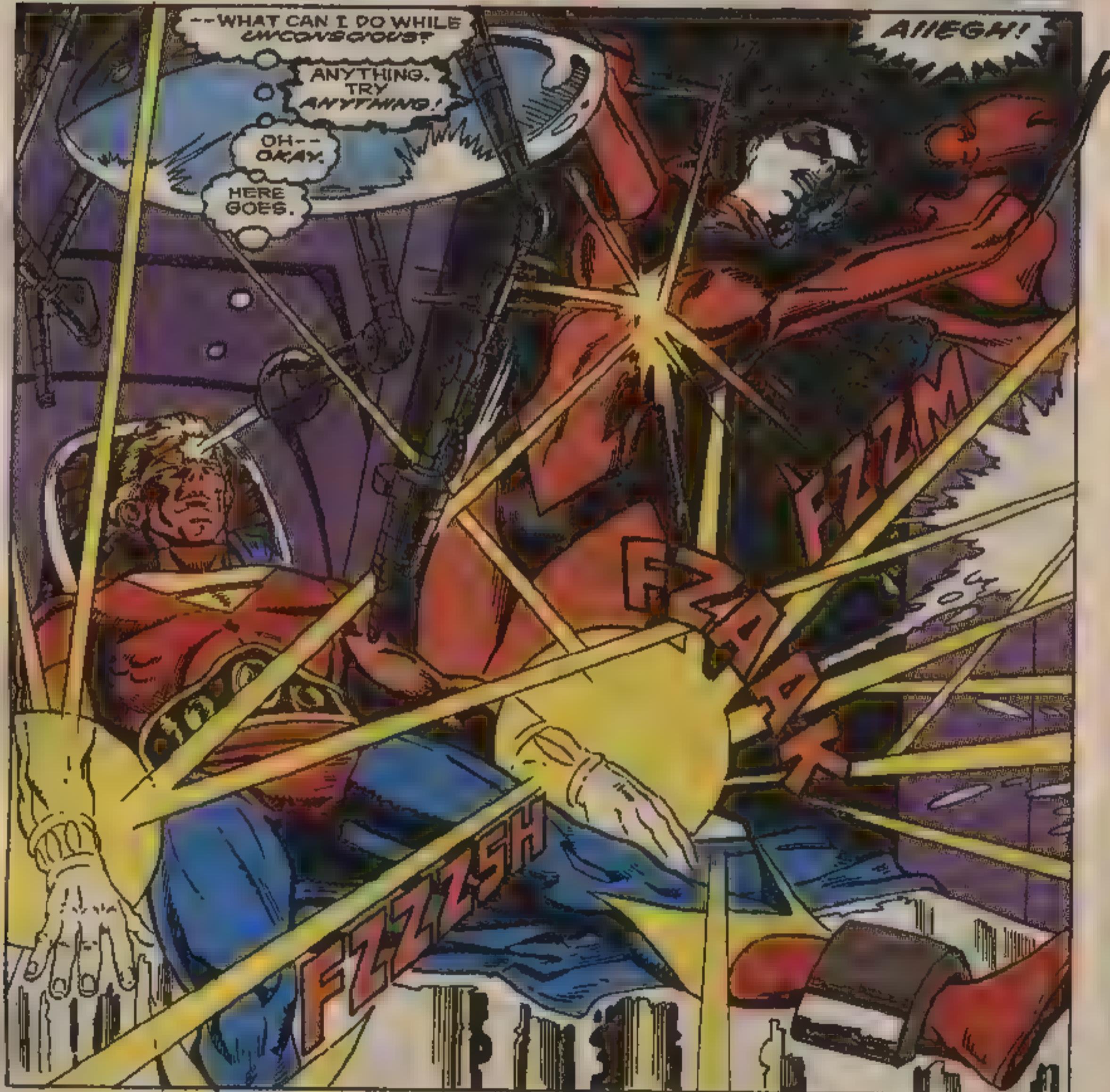
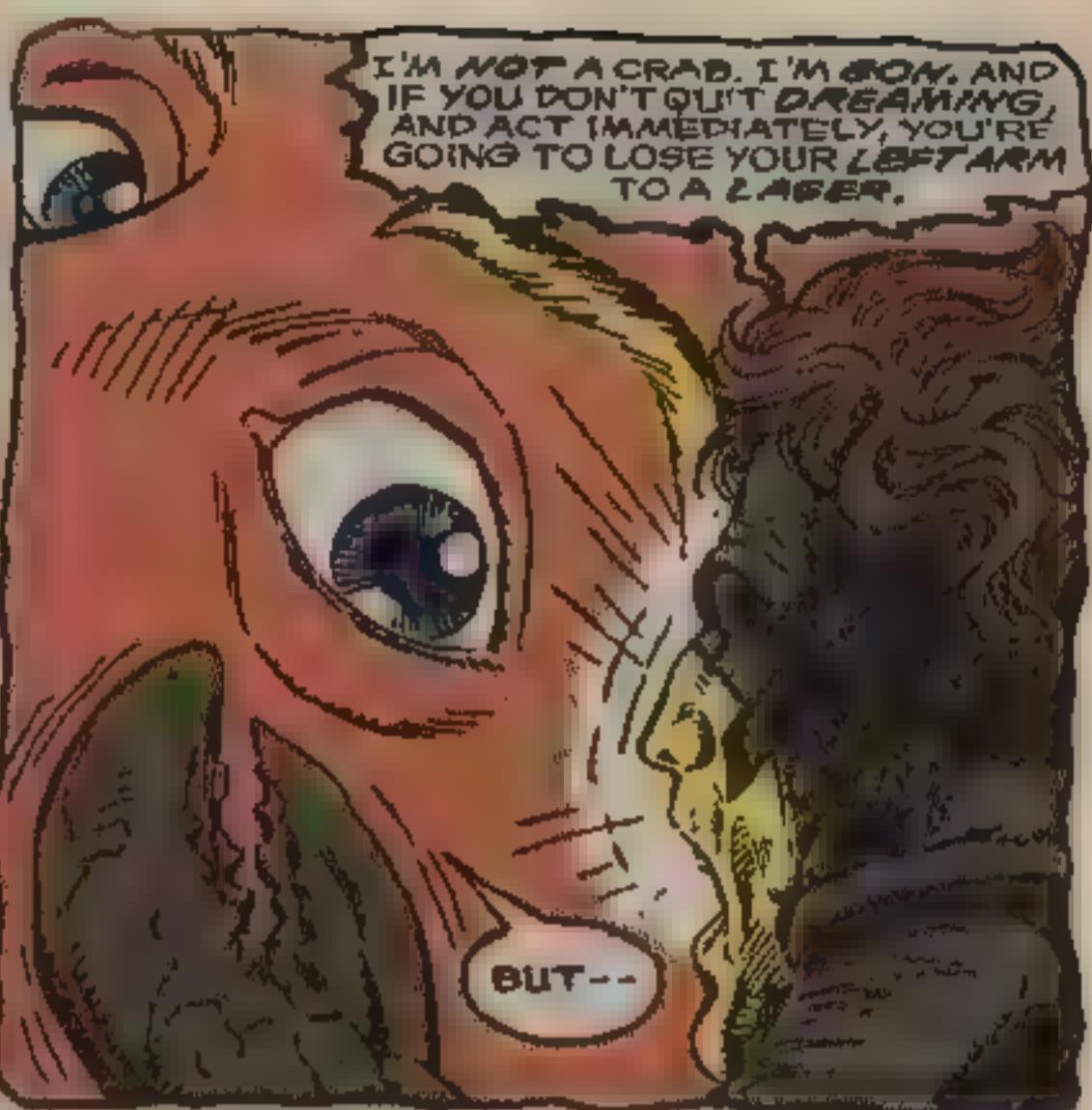
HMM, QUITE PLEASANT-LOOKING FOR AN EARTHER...

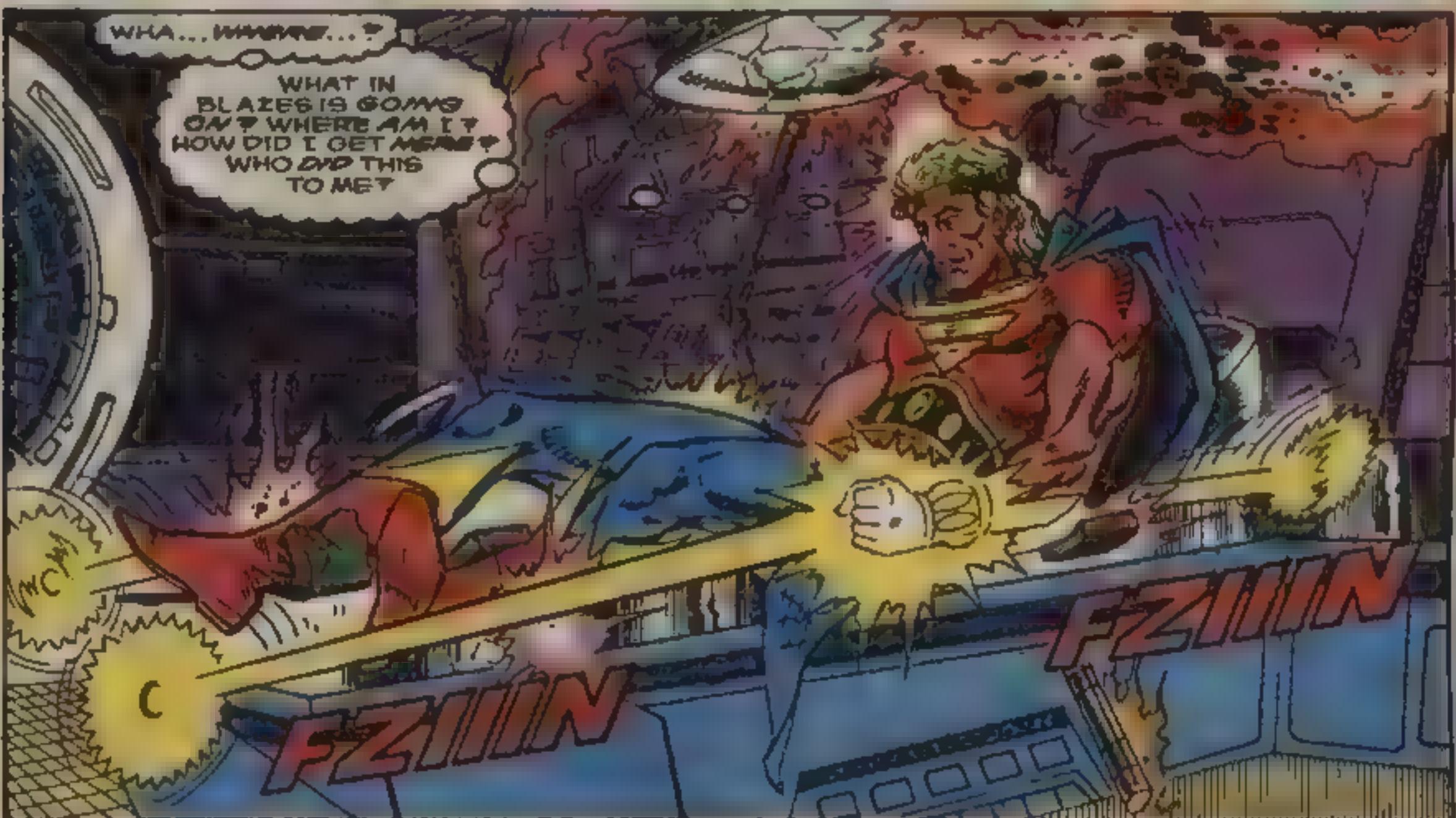
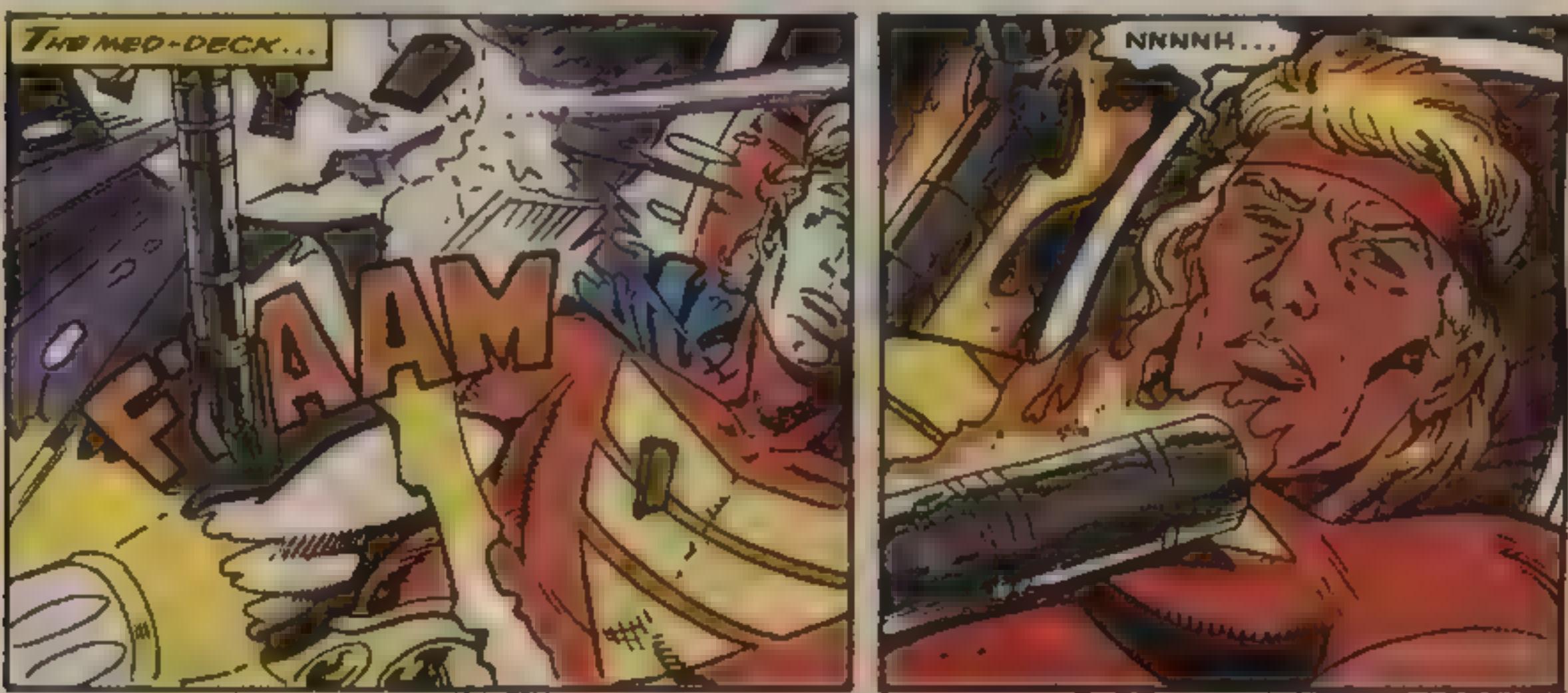
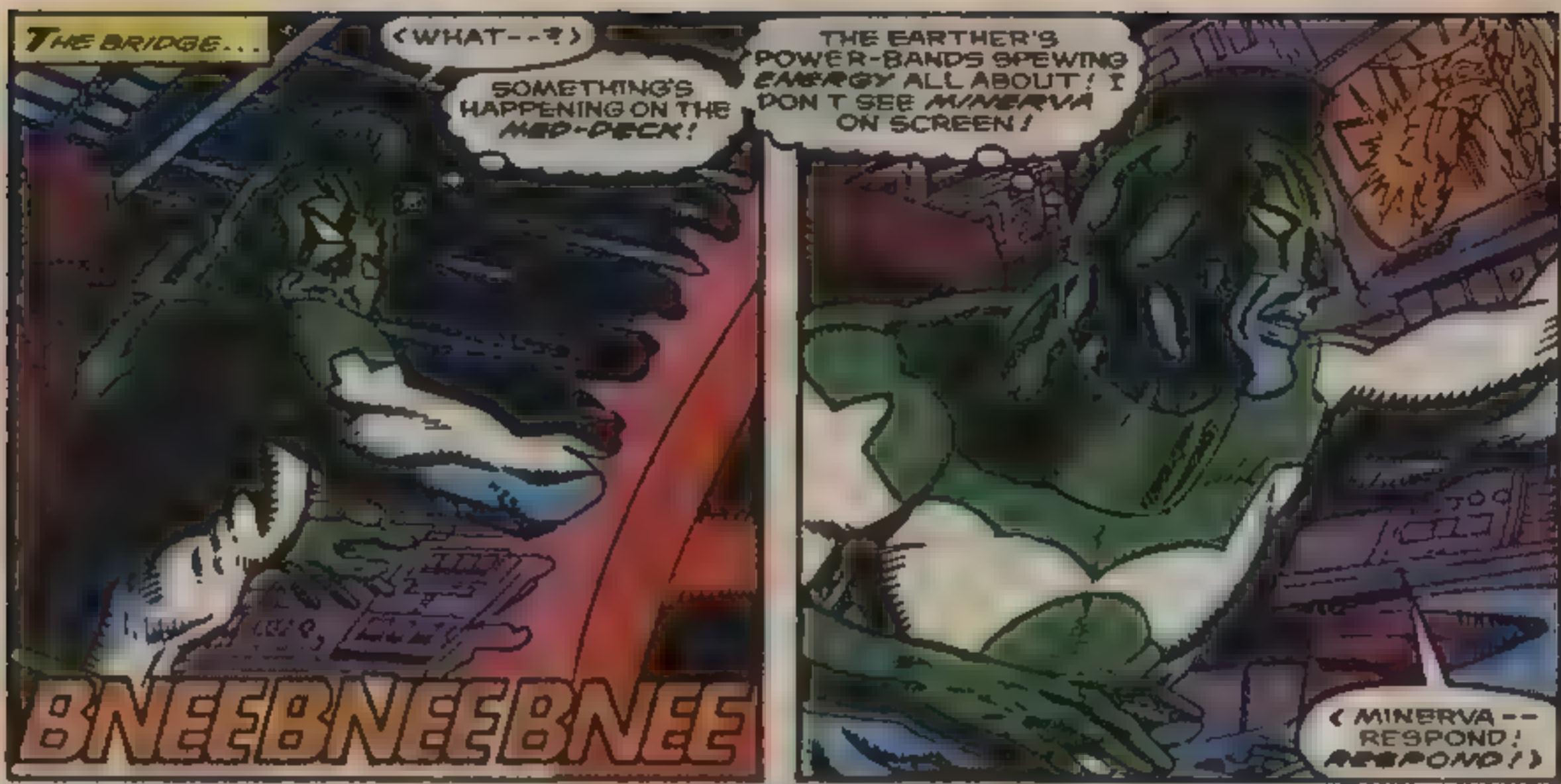
WITH THE SYNAPTIC DISRUPTOR RAY TRAINED ON HIM, HE IS TOTALLY HARMLESS.

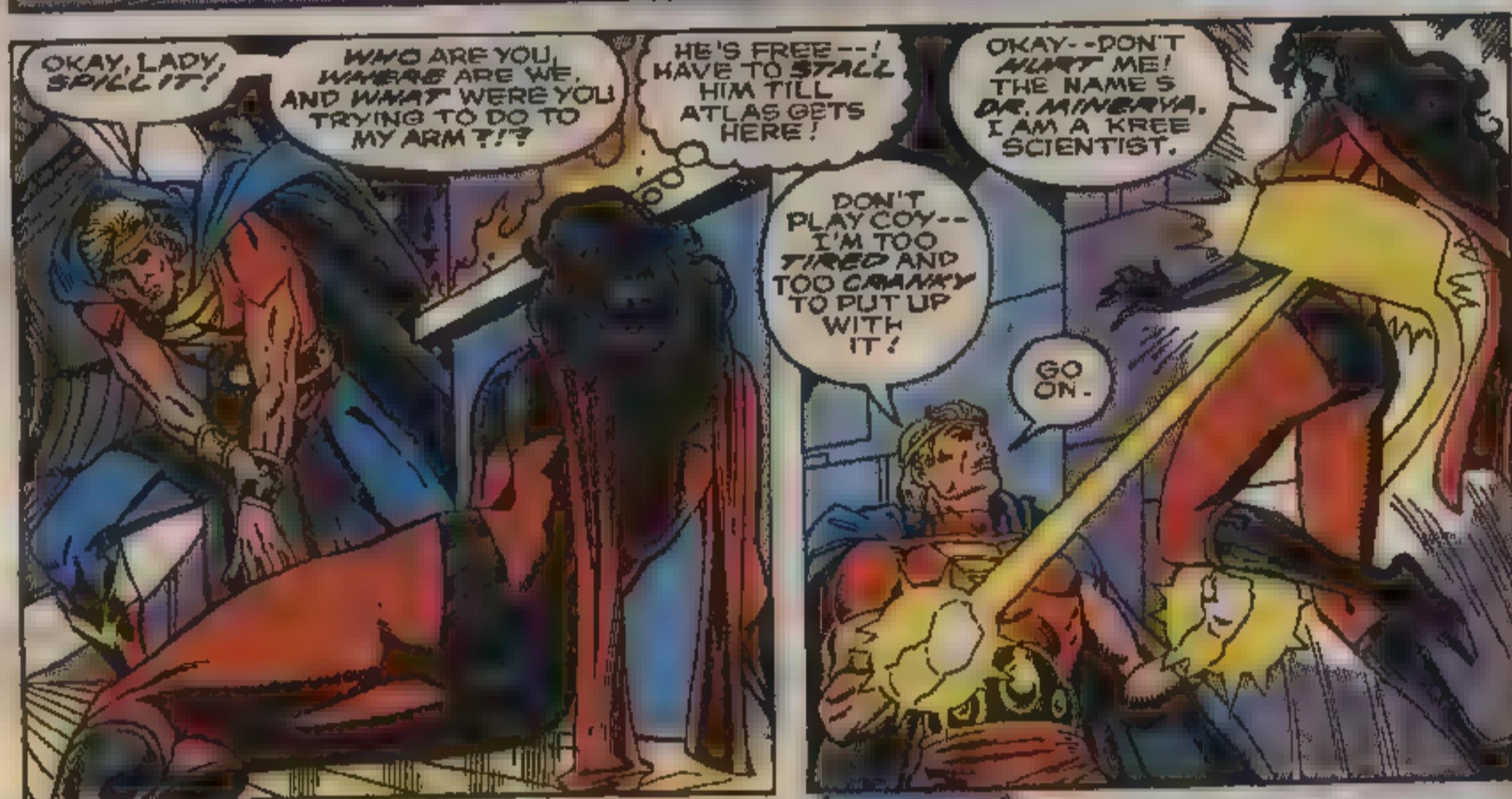
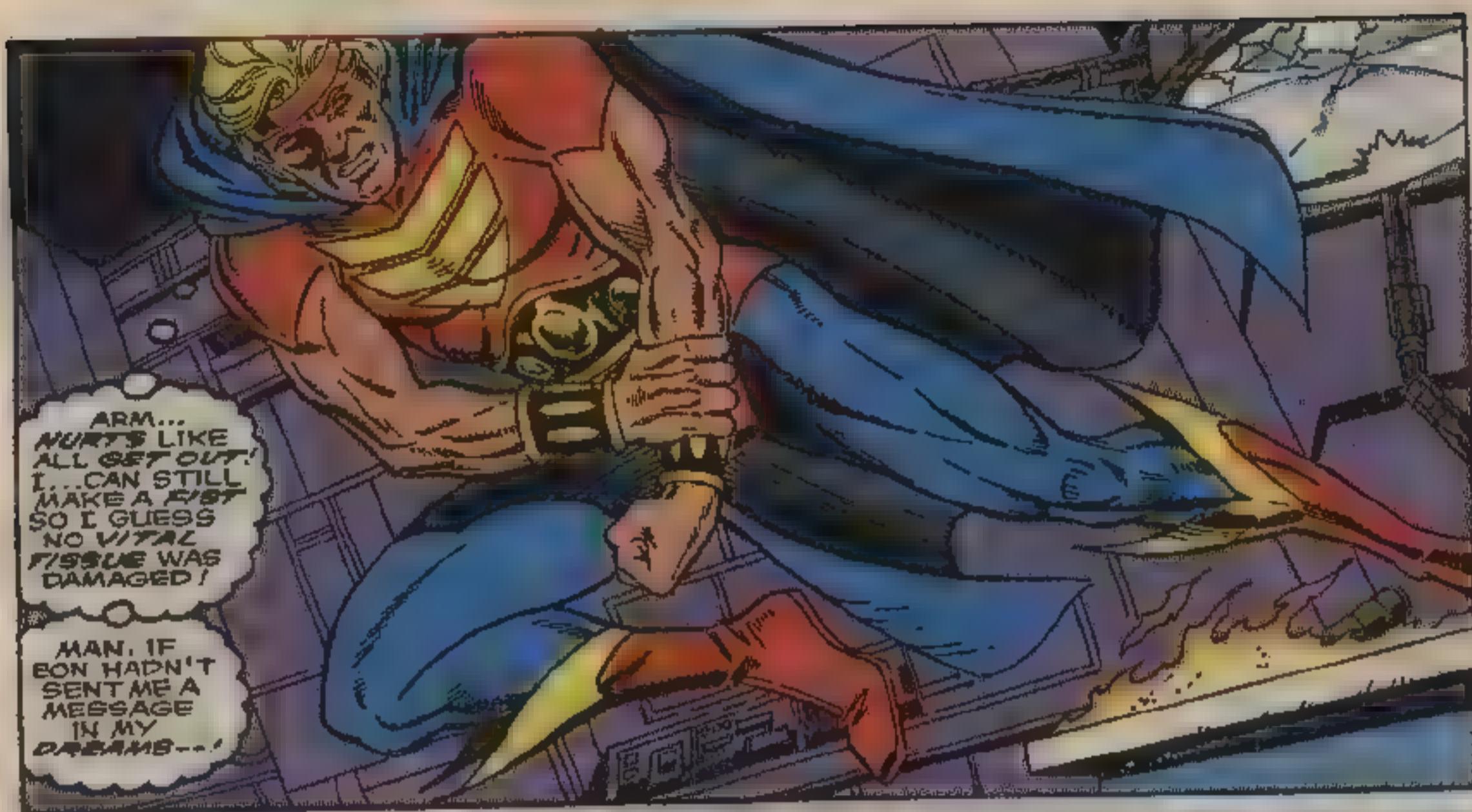












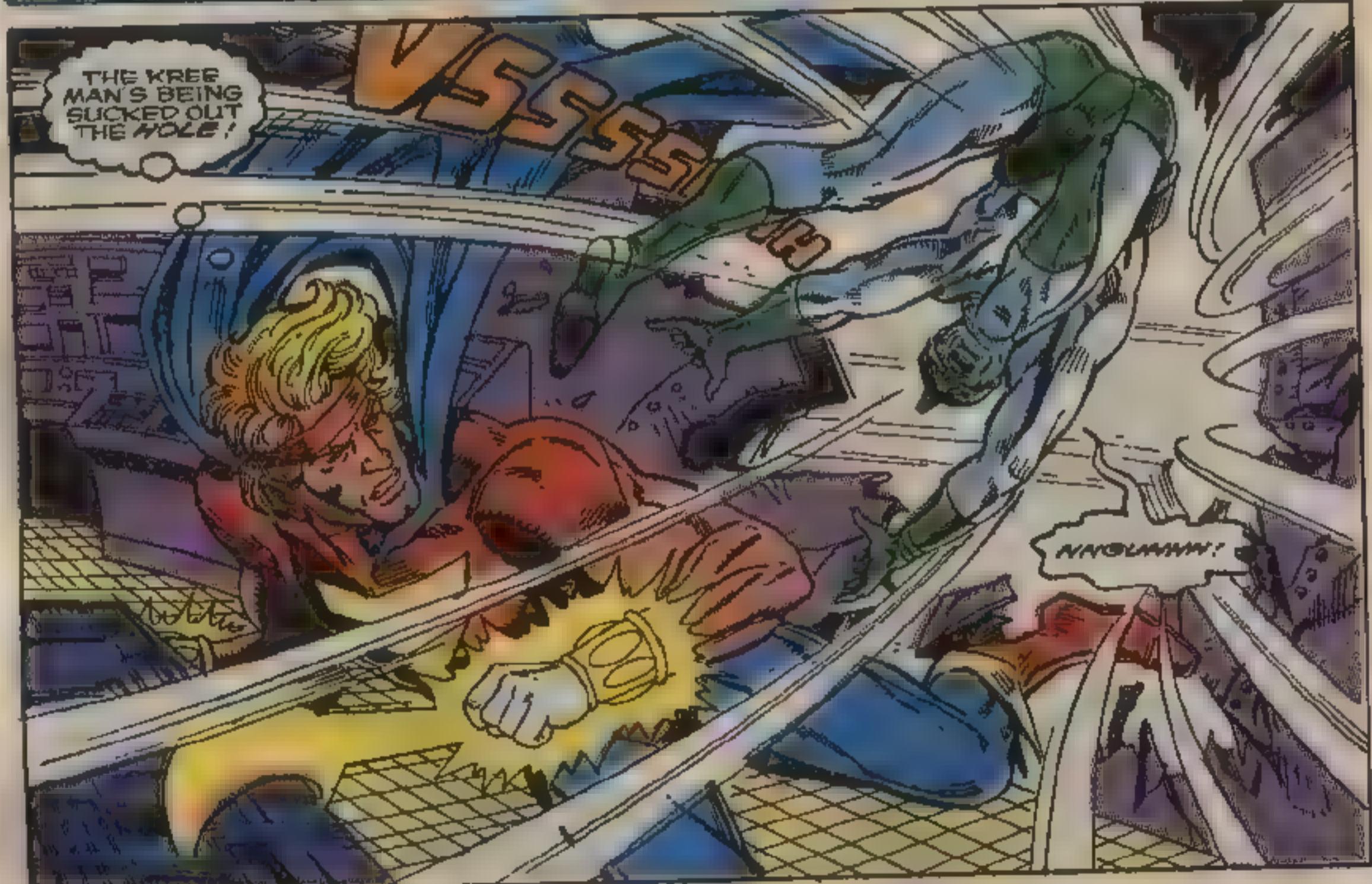
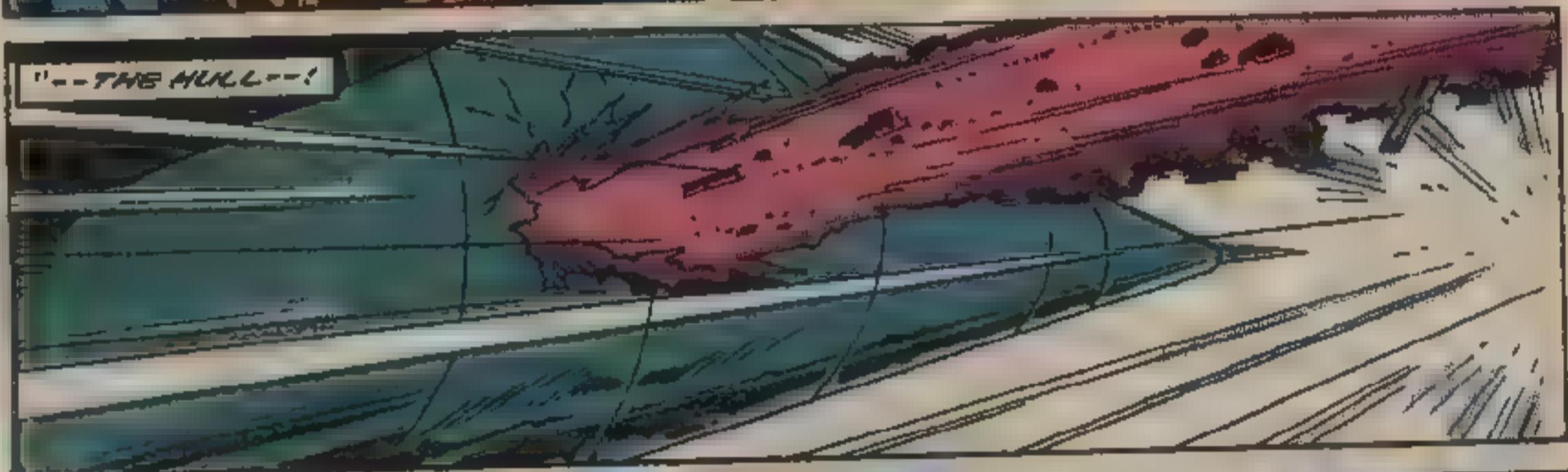
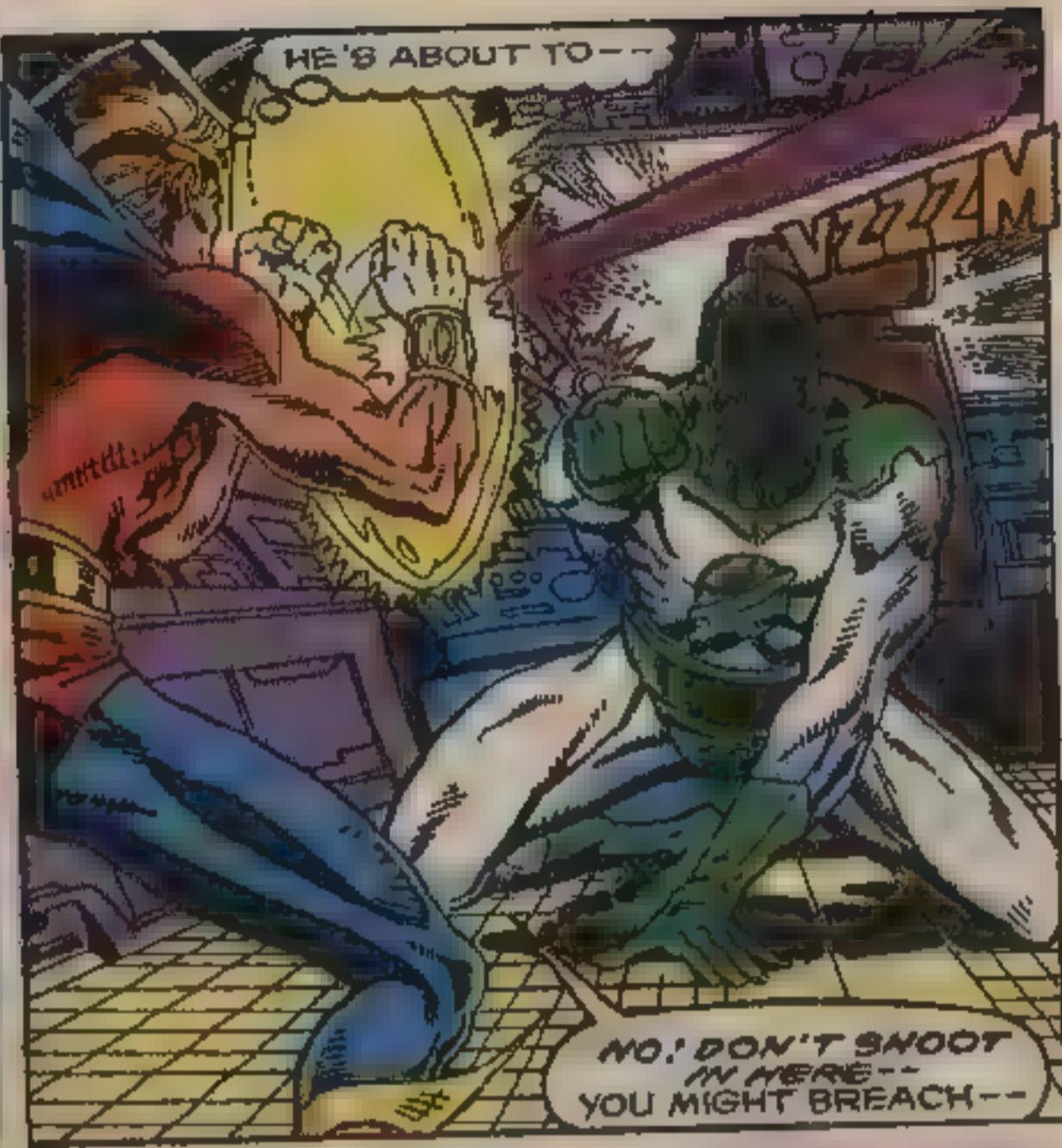
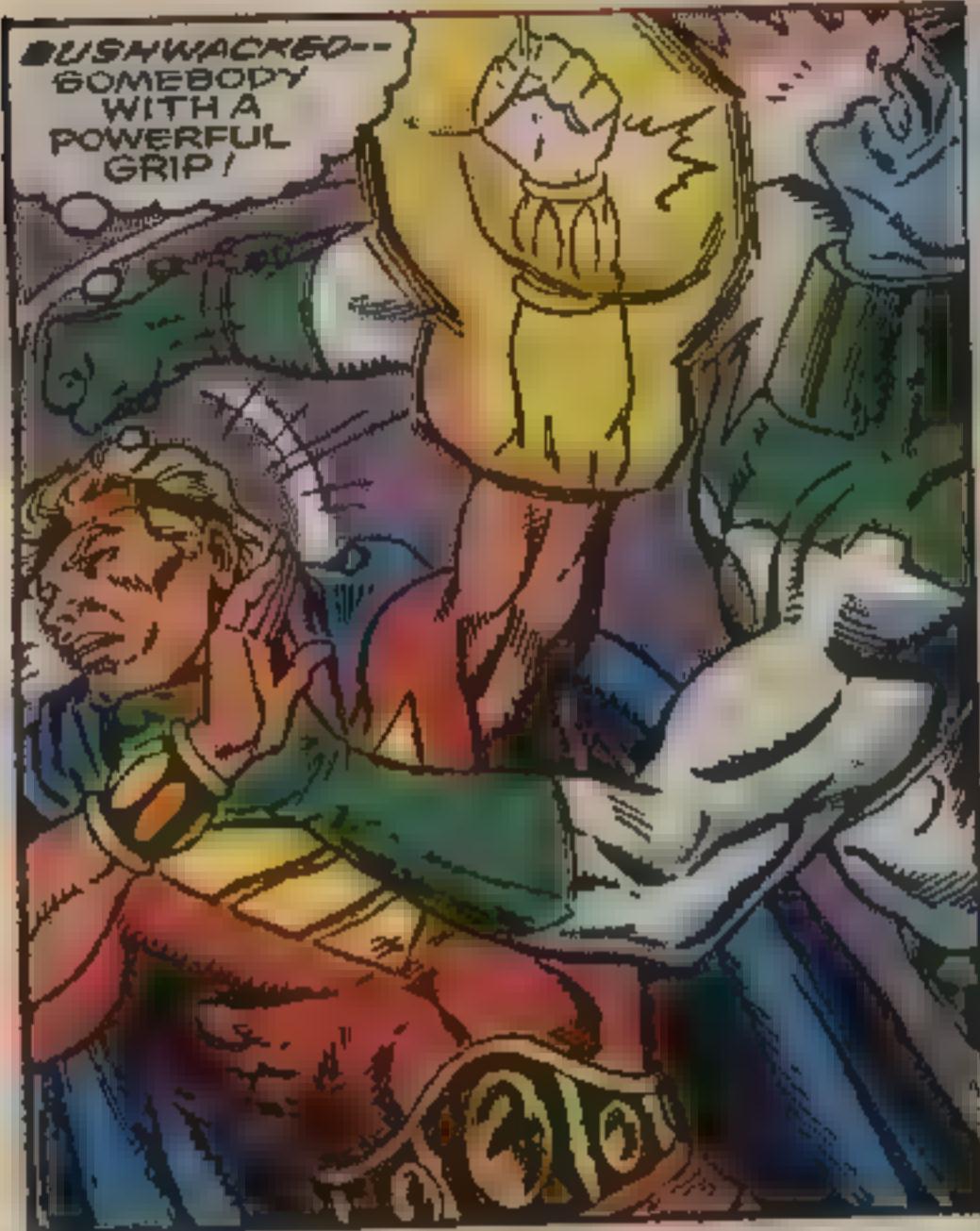
SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT YOU'RE
GOING TO HAVE TO PRESCRIBE
A GREATER PHARAOH
THAT TO FAZE ME!

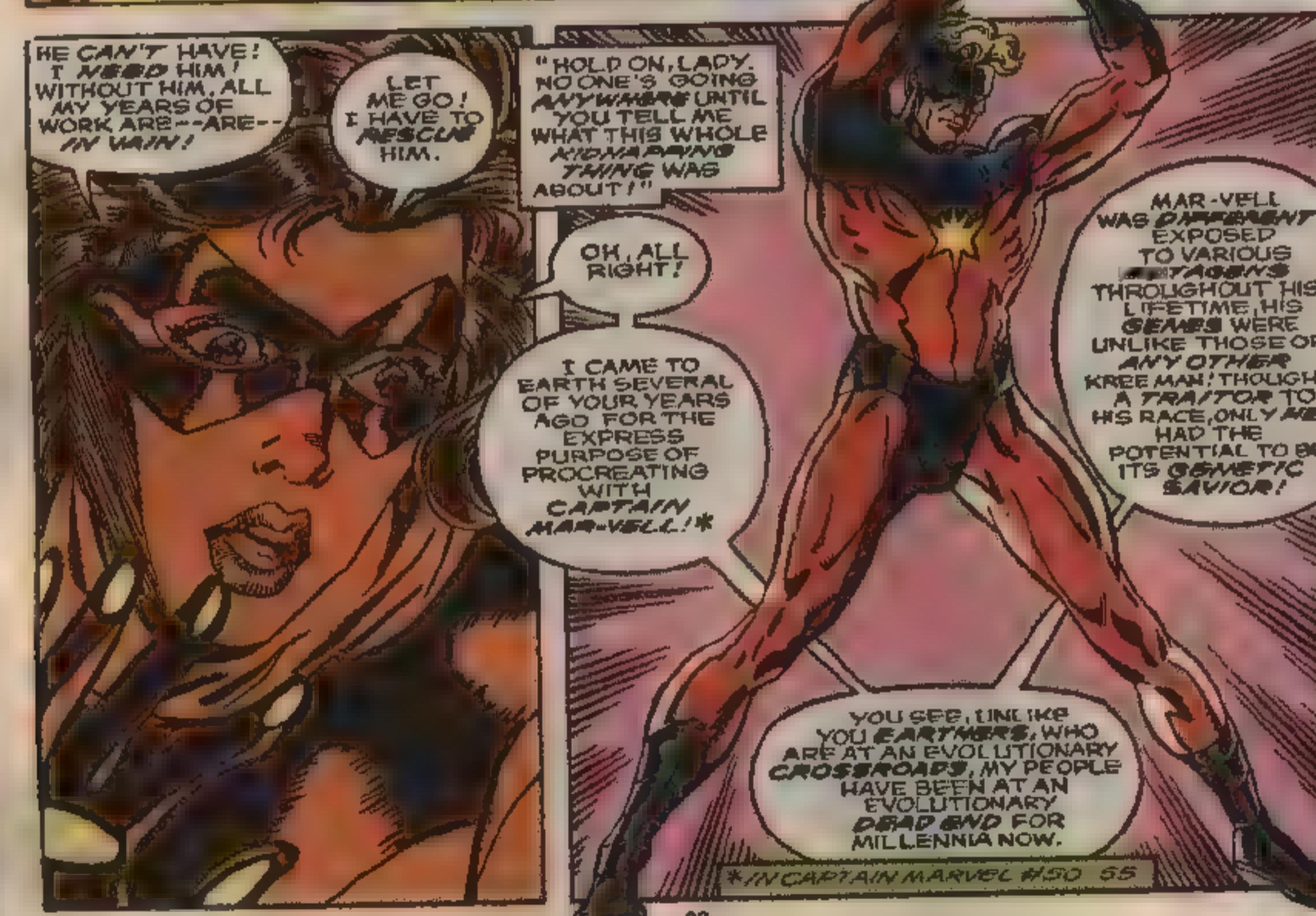
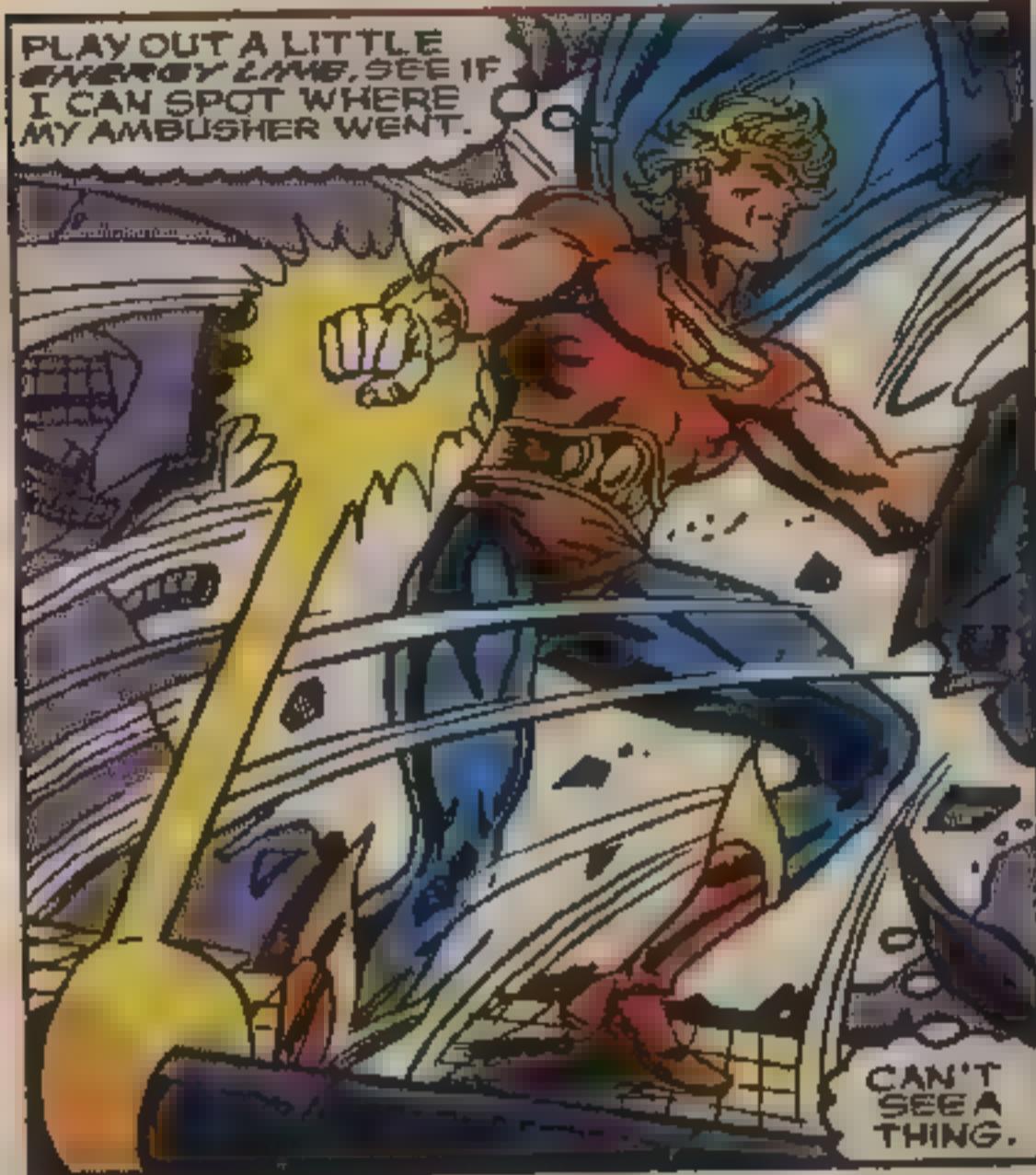
STAY
PUT
NOW...

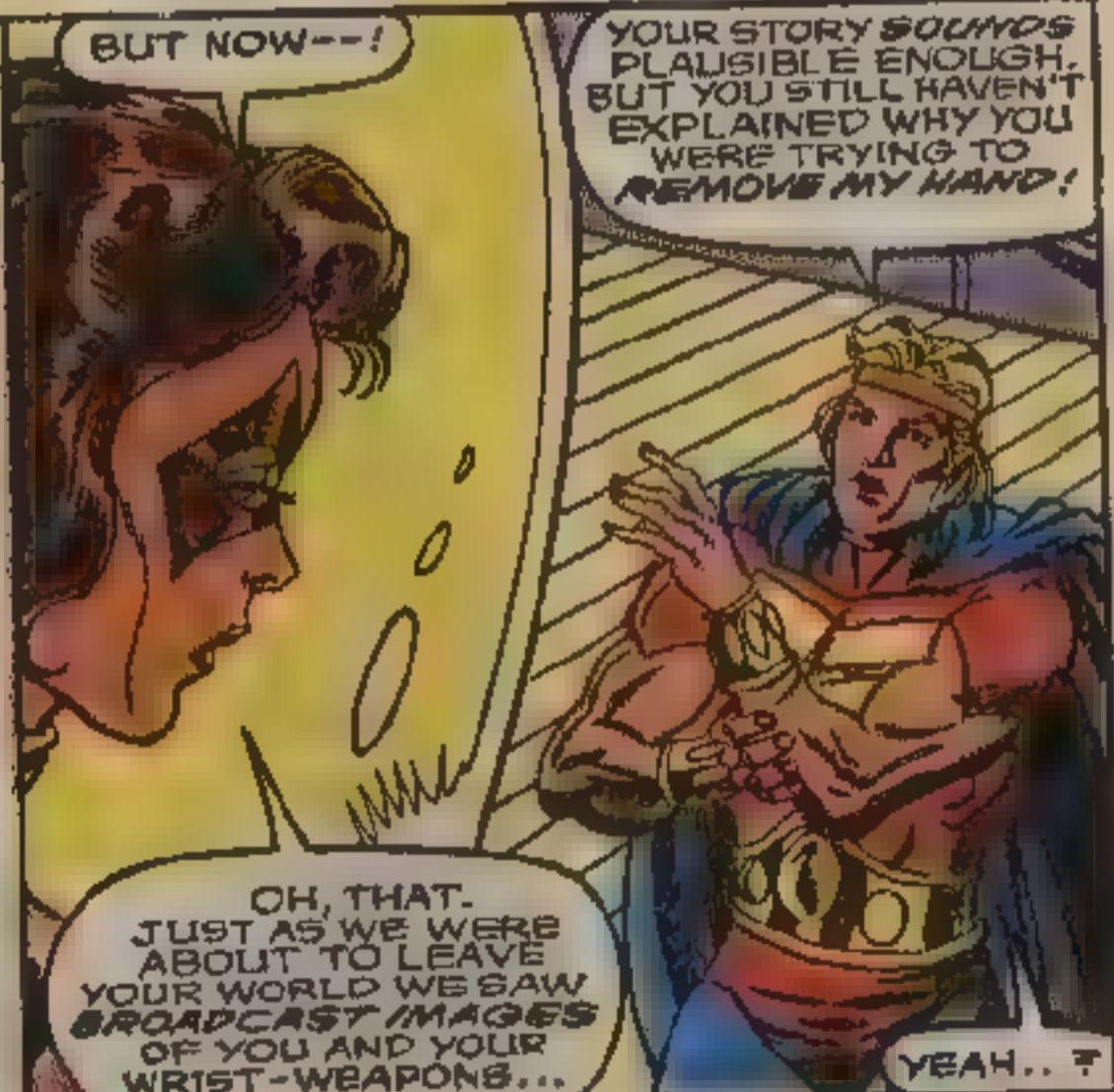
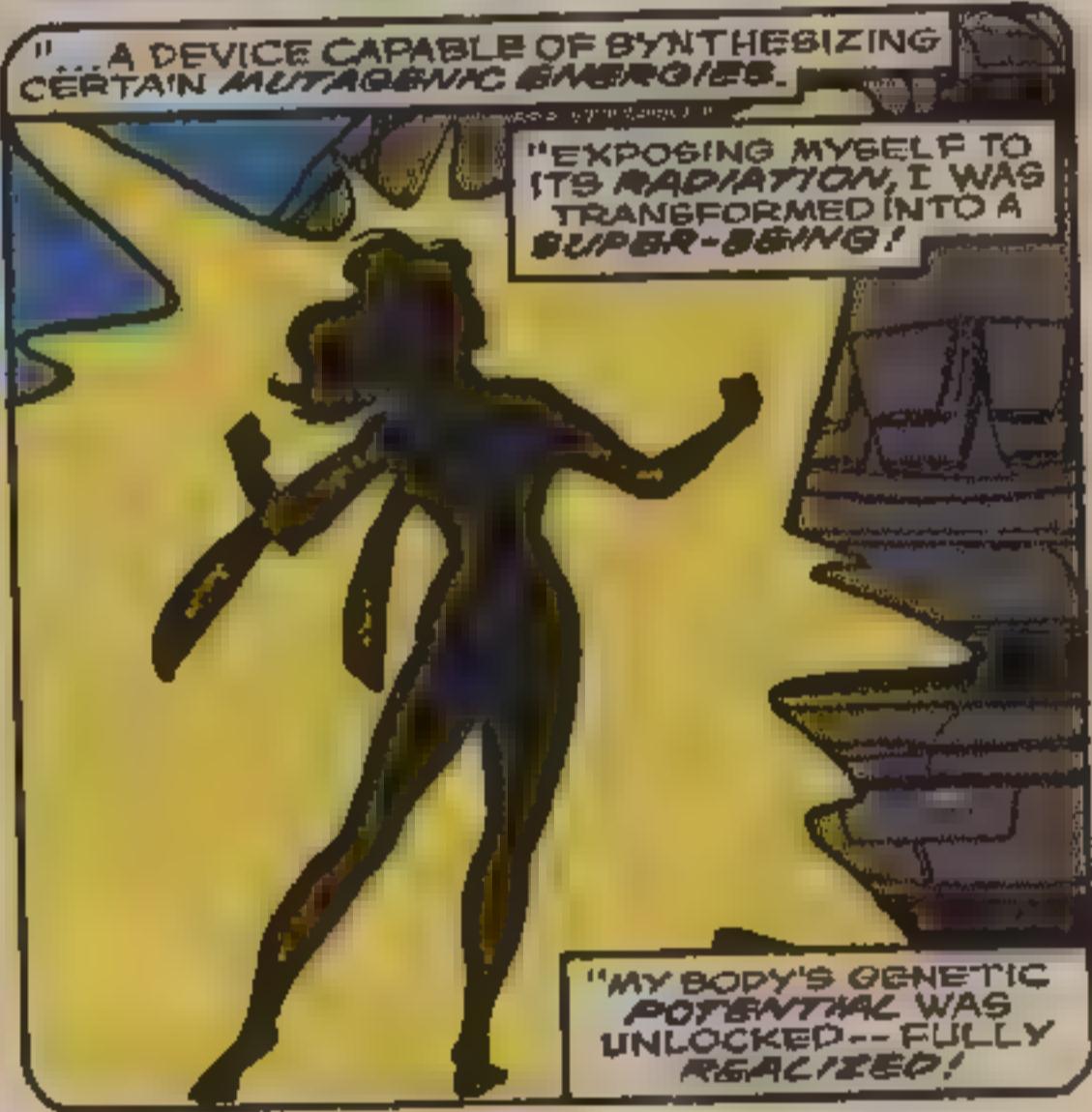
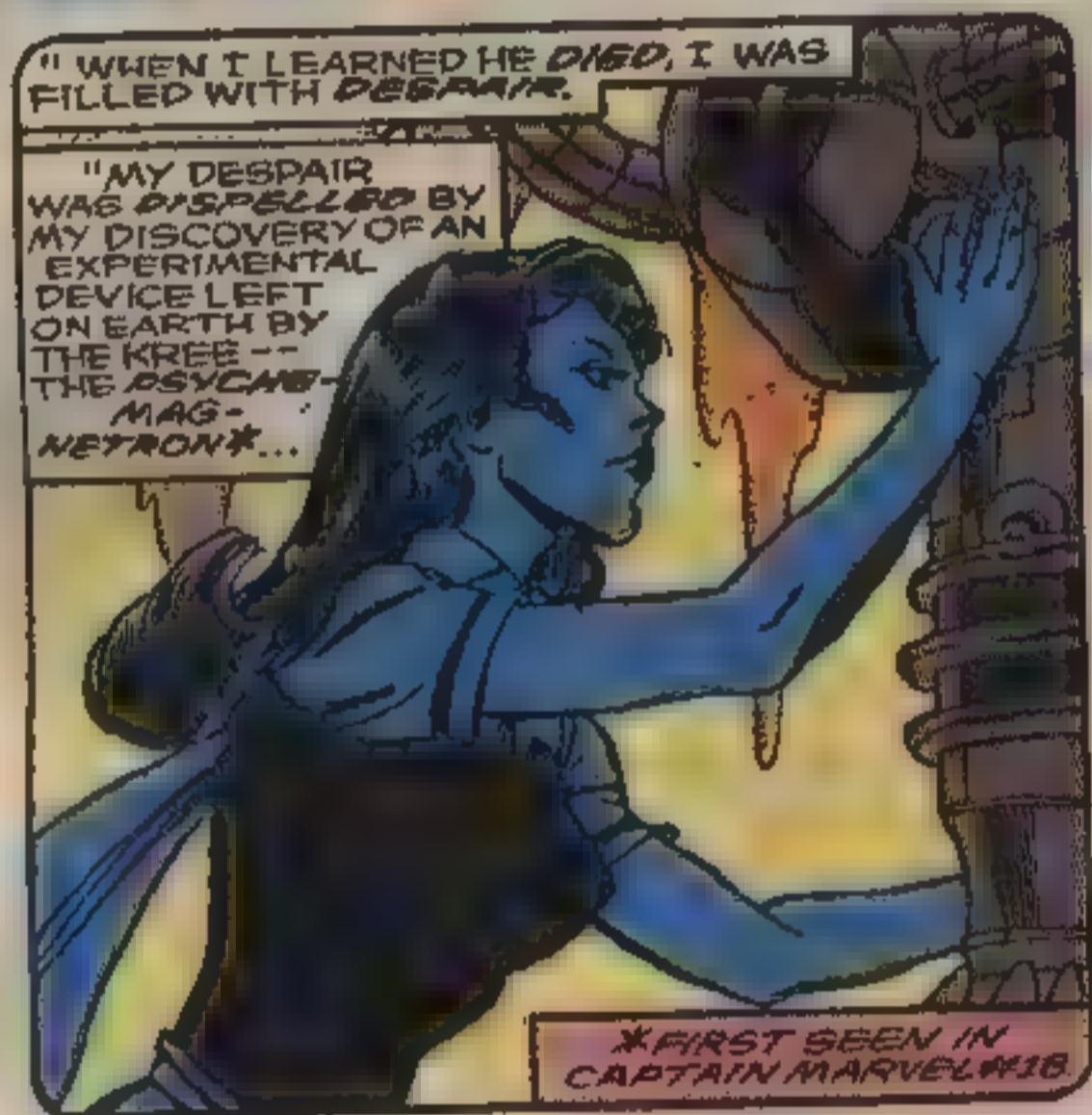
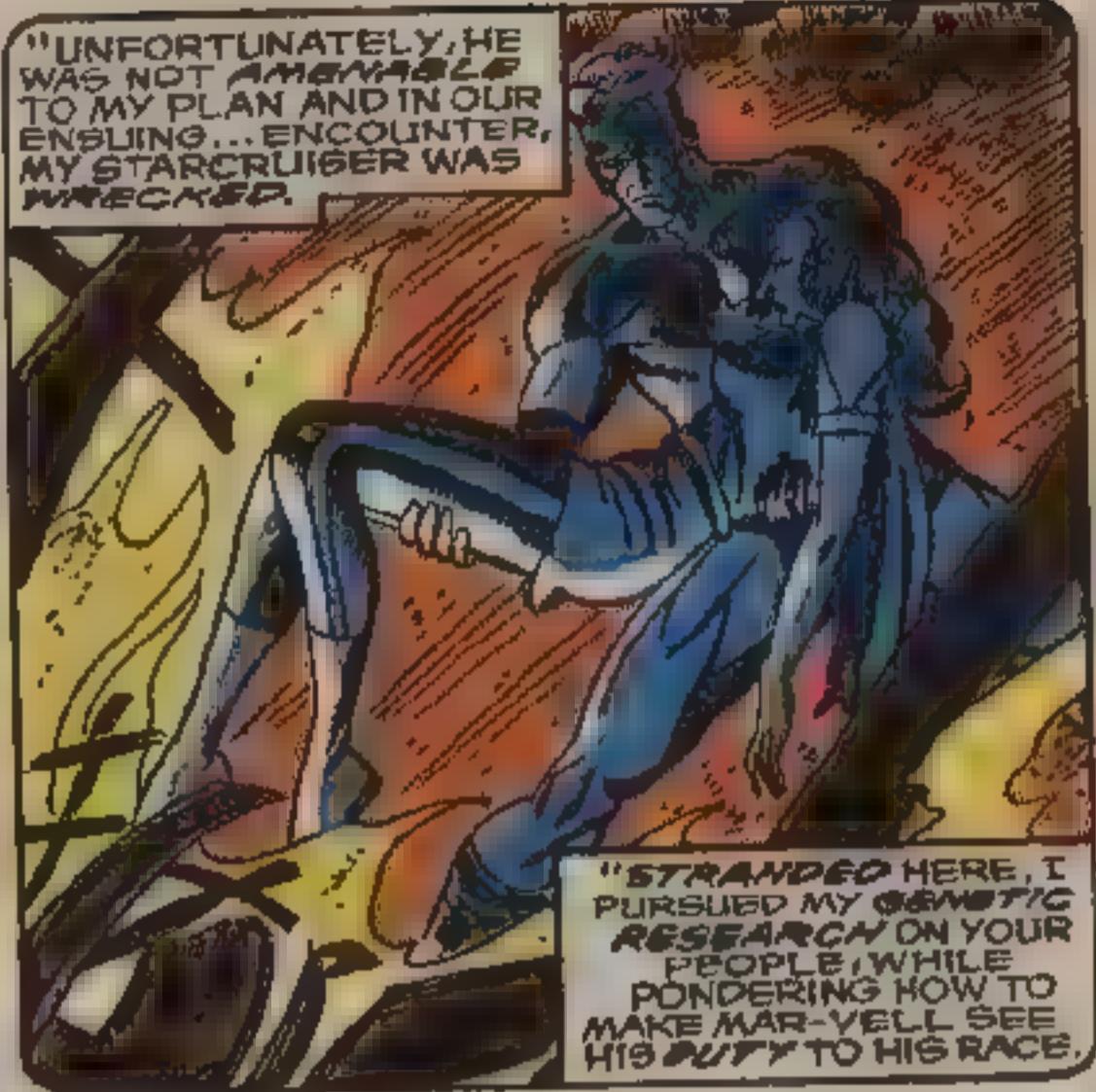
WHILE I CHECK OUT
THE REST OF THIS SHIP
AND DETERMINE WHO IT
WAS THAT HIT THE
HYPERDRIVE.

WISH I COULD GET
MY SWIMMING BETTER BUT--

YANON!



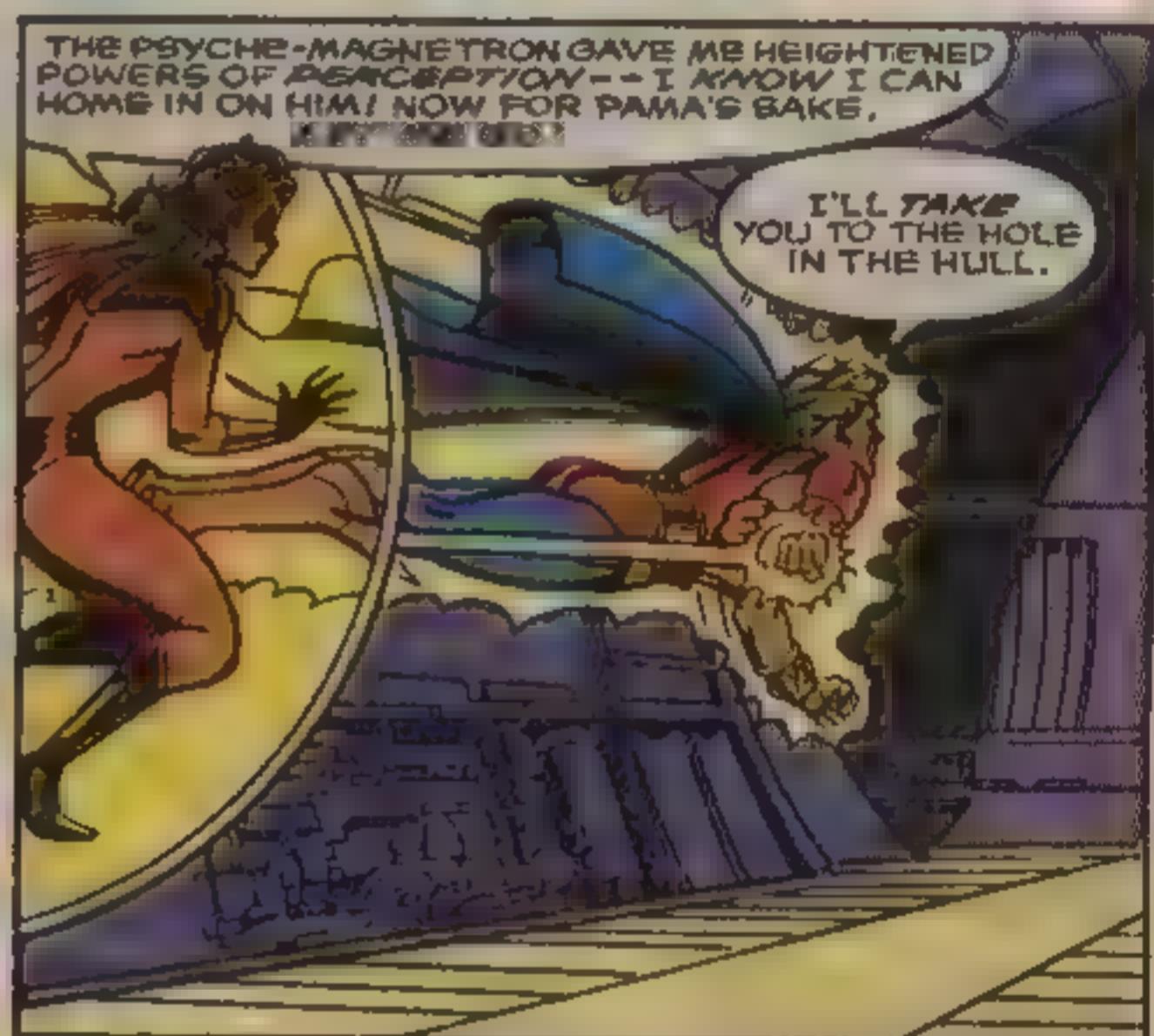
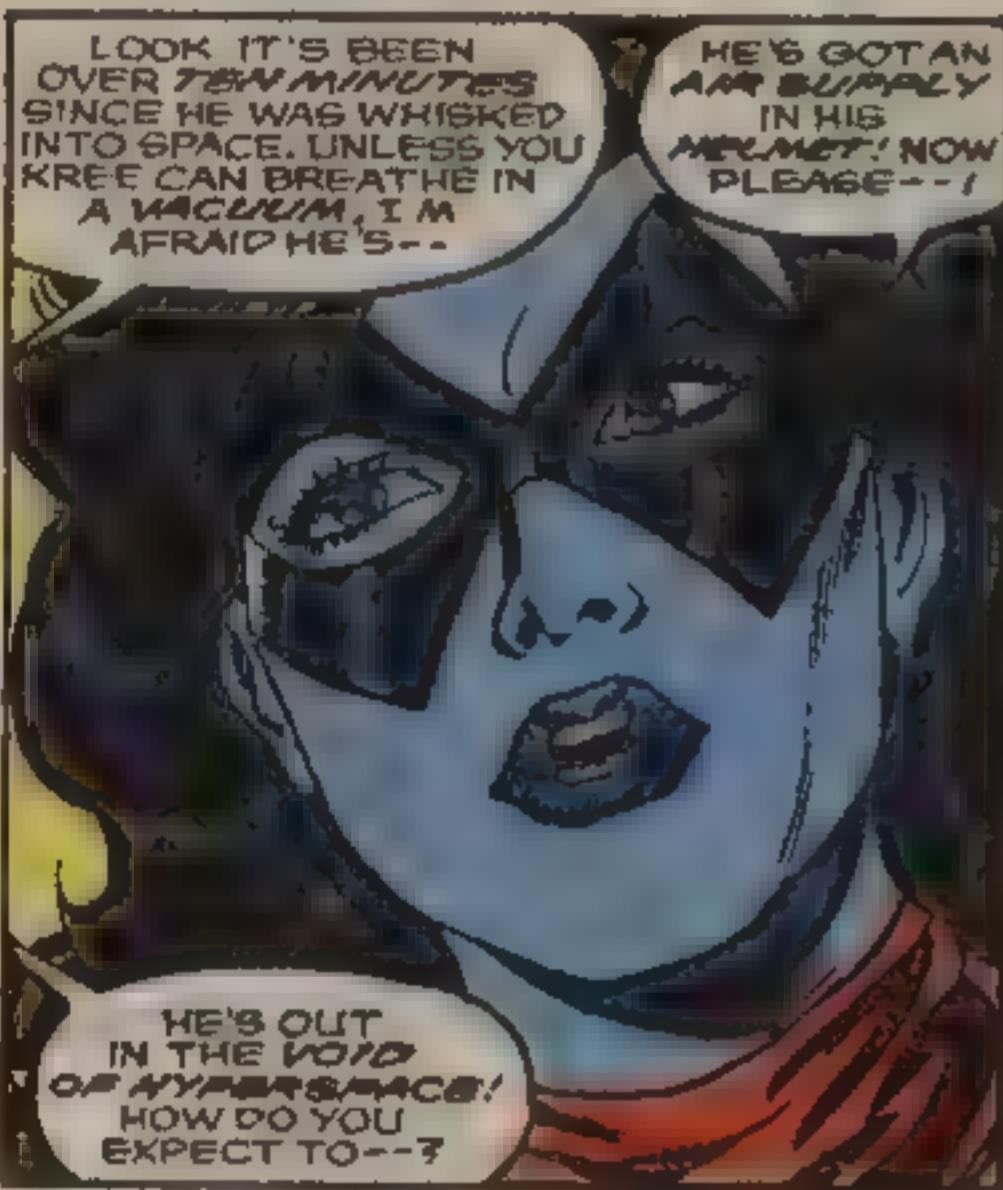
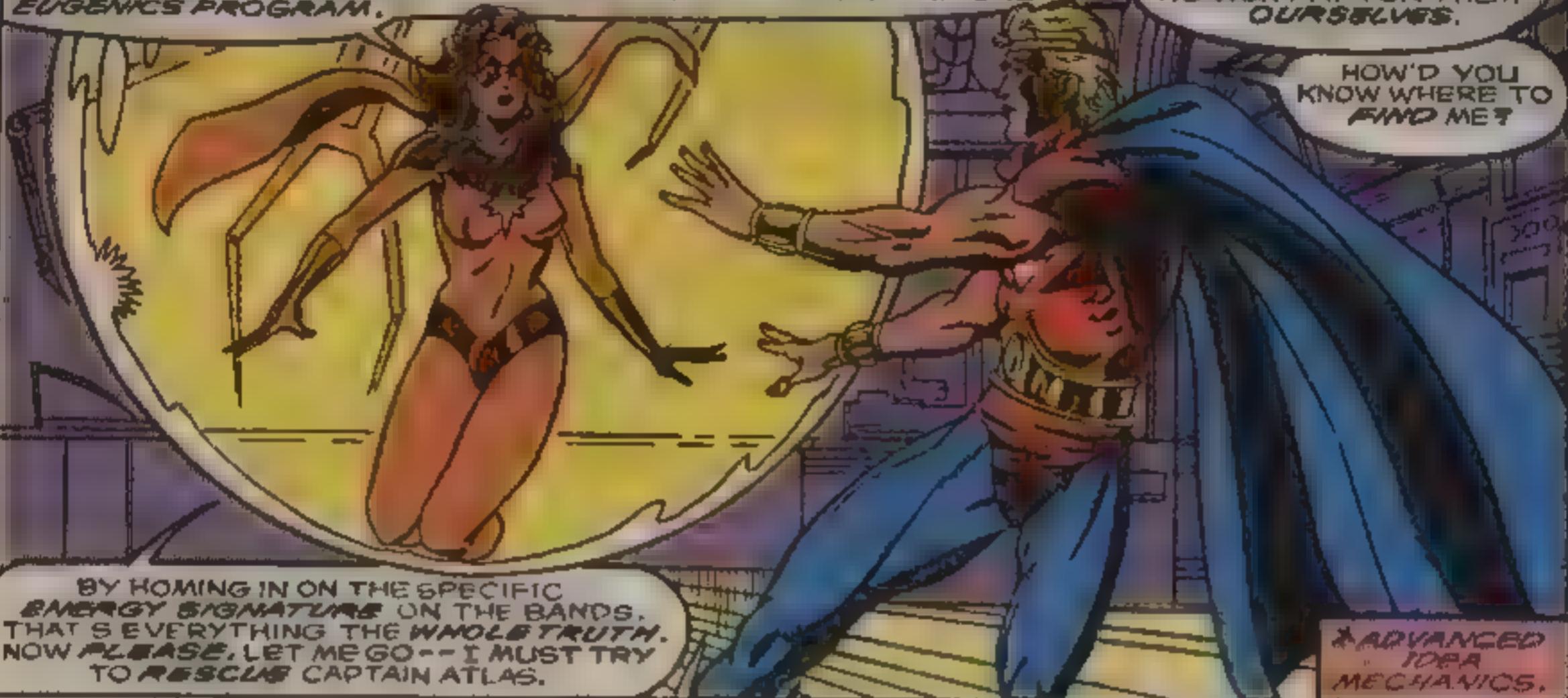




ATLAS NOTED YOUR ENERGY-BANDS LOOK LIKE THE LEGENDARY POWER-BANDS OF RIMM. WE THOUGHT THAT RECOVERING THEM WOULD GREATLY ENHANCE POPULAR SUPPORT FOR MY RADICAL EUGENICS PROGRAM.

WHEN I AM FAILED TO PROCURE THEM FOR US, WE WENT AFTER THEM OURSELVES.

HOW'D YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME?



MOMENTS LATER...

AM I NUTS FOR DOING THIS, HELPING OUT TWO MEMBERS OF AN ALIEN RACE KNOWN TO BE HOSTILE TOWARD EARTH, WHO PERSONALLY JUST TRIED TO DO ME IN...?

I'M REASONABLY CERTAIN I DON'T NEED THEM TO GET OUT OF HYPERSPACE... AND NO MATTER WHERE I POPPED OUT, I'M SURE EON COULD DIRECT ME BACK HOME.

MAYBE I JUST DON'T WANT TO LEAVE HER FRIEND TO DIE KNOWING I MIGHT HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO SAVE HIM.

OR MAYBE I'M DOING IT BECAUSE I THINK IT'S WHAT CAPTAIN MARVEL WOULD HAVE DONE.

DON'T KNOW IF MINERVA WILL REALLY BE ABLE TO FIND HIM IN THIS INCOMPREHENSIBLE VOID...

BUT AT LEAST THIS ENERGY-TETHER WILL PREVENT US FROM GETTING SEPARATED FROM THE SHIP.

WE ARE HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, DOCTOR.

NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO TEST THE MAXIMUM LENGTH I CAN MAKE A ROPE OUT OF ENERGY... I HOPE, IF THERE'S A LIMIT, YOUR FRIEND IS WITH--

JUST AHEAD!

OH, YEAH! IS IT--?

WE'VE FOUND HIM--I THINK HE SEES US--HE'S STILL ALIVE!

MAAA...NO, WE NEED TO VEER RIGHT FORTY-FIVE DEGREES.

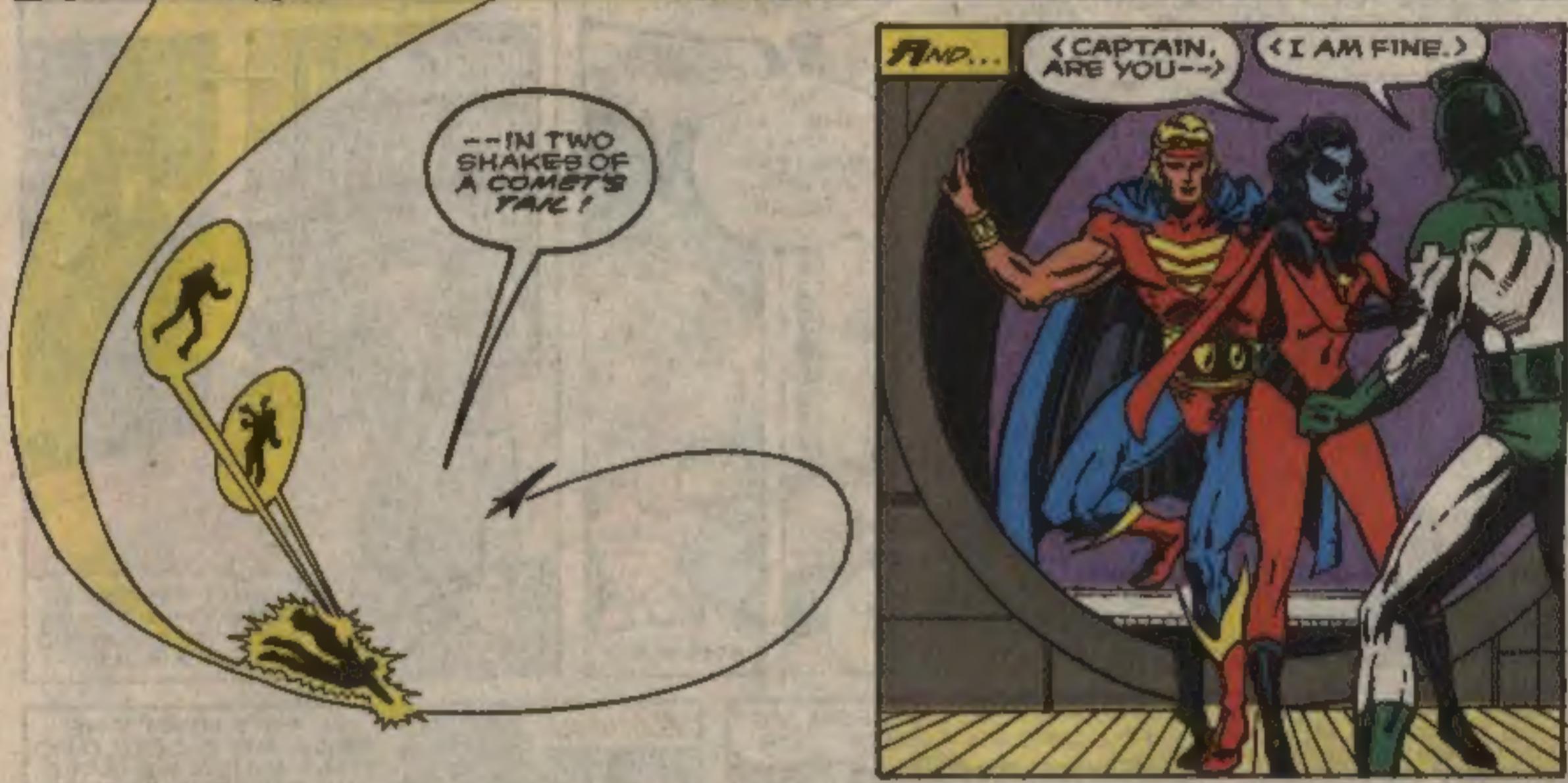
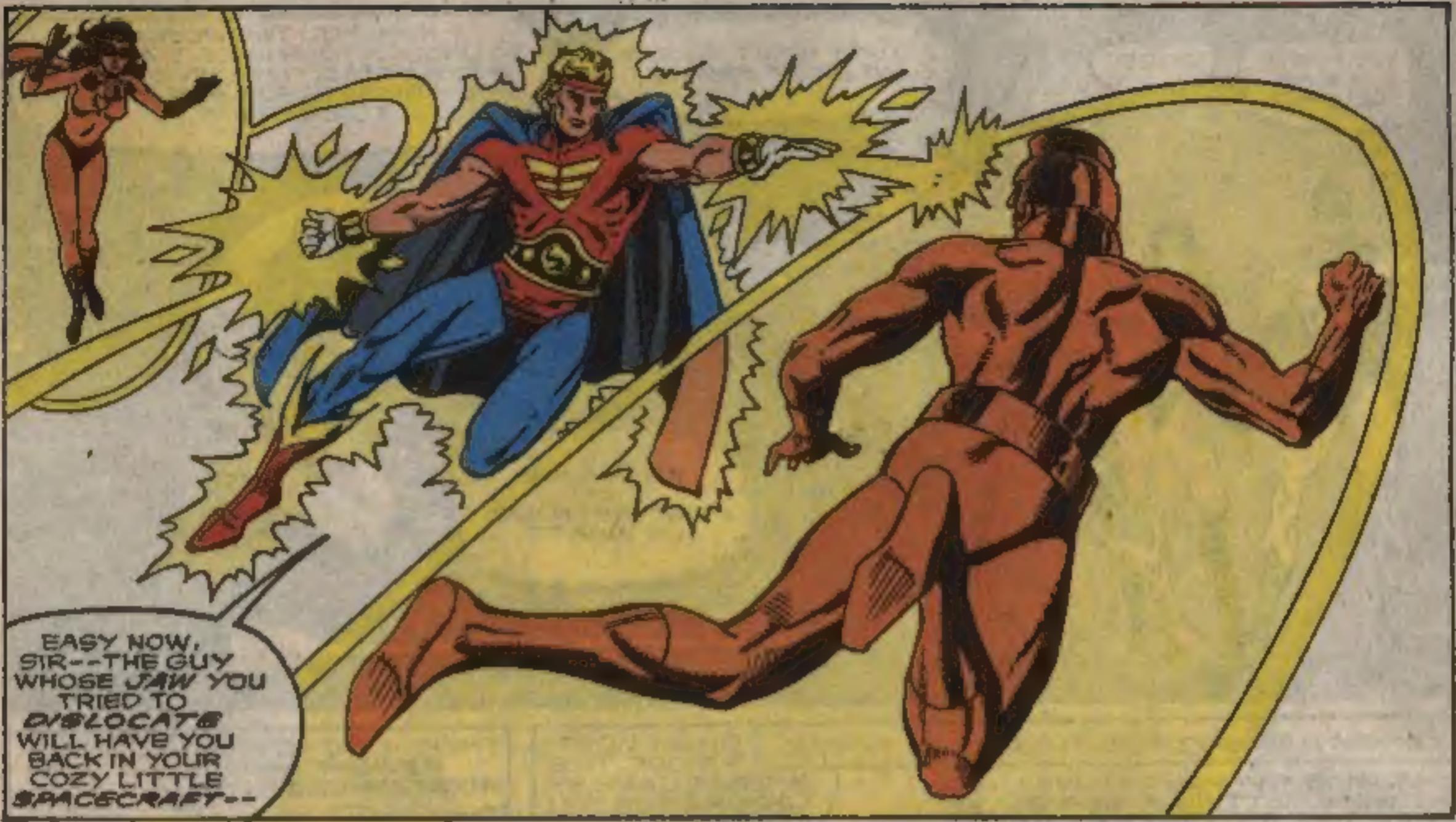
WHATEVER YOU SAY.

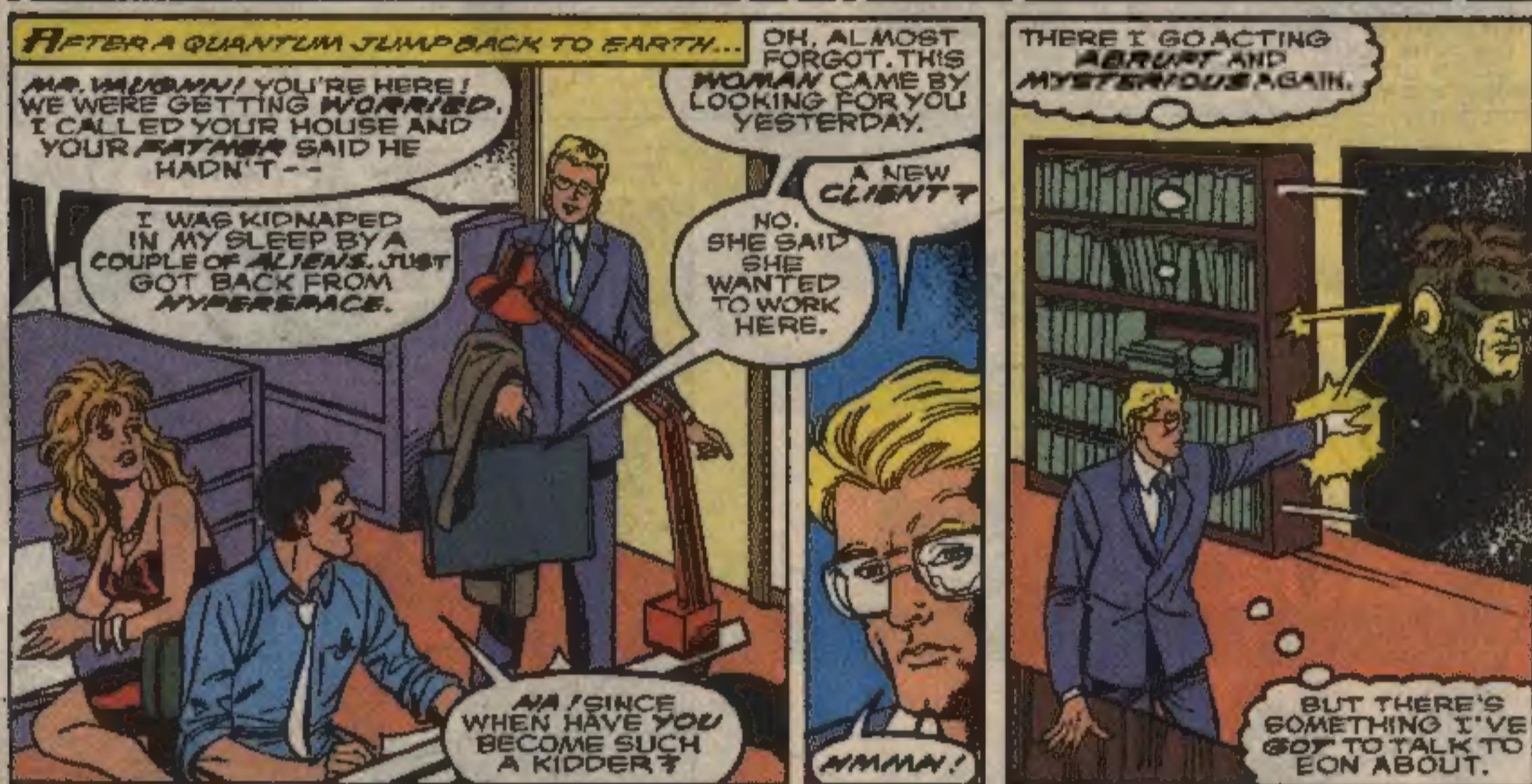
I SEE SOMETHING!

HMM? WHERE?

YES! IT'S CAPTAIN ATLAS!

GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, LADY, CONSIDERING ALL THE DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS HE COULD HAVE FLOWN OUT OF THE SHIP, YOUR EXTRAORDINARY POWERS ARE PRETTY PHENOMENAL!





THE FUTURE IS HISTORY!



The **Guardians** of the **Galaxy™**

They are all
that stand between
the secrets of the Marvel
Universe and the hope
for the future!

by Jim Valentino & Steve Montano
monthly from Marvel